

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## The Late International Regatta—Mind as well as Muscle.

The interest excited through Great Britain and the United States by the late rowing-match between the "Oxfords" and "Harvards," renders the contest one of the most notable in the annals of the Sporting World. The rivalry not unnaturally excited considerable national feeling in the people of both countries; for there were few on either side, no matter how little inclined to racing generally, who did not heartily wish success to the representatives of their native land in this novel aquatic rivalry.

The result probably surprised few, even among those who felt most interest in the matter. The advantages of familiarity with the route, and other local causes, might well be supposed to favor the British boat's crew sufficiently to turn the scale, where otherwise the Americans might have come out exactly even, if not ahead in the race. Indeed, the prevalent feeling, in America at least, foreshadowed defeat for the "Harvards" on these and other grounds—even the London correspondents of several New York journals warning us not to

be confident of victory, as circumstances were adverse to the American crew, whose boat and style of rowing appeared to disadvantage. Hence, instead of being greatly surprised by the result, the chief surprise in this country followed the fact, that, with all these local and other causes in favor of their opponents, the Yankees came out with a nearness to success which entitles them to share equally with the victors in the triumph. The closeness of the contest leaves no cause for reproach or mortification. On the contrary, the result may be properly considered a divided success, falling short of victory for the Americans only by the difference that *locality* alone threw in favor of the British. To put the matter in another shape, we may assume that few in either country would hesitate in admitting that the advantages of locality, of rowing in their own waters, amid the cheers of multitudes of their own countrymen, were worth more to the winning party than the slight difference which secured their victory—*six seconds only*—or one boat-length ahead, after a contest of four and a quarter miles, occupying twenty-two minutes and forty seconds! The vanquished have indeed a right

to share with the victors in the honors of such a well-contested race. In any rivalry between British and American crews, in American waters with which our boatmen are familiar, we should certainly consider our British friends entitled to divide the honors, even if they did not actually gain the victory, should they come out of the race only six seconds behind "our boys."

It is a notable feature of this novel international rivalry, that not a single unpleasant occurrence alloys the history of the proceedings. Those who feared foul play were widely mistaken. This was not the occasion and these were not the men to elicit such displays of roughness and rascality as disgraced the pugilistic encounters between British and American prize-fighters on British ground. The gentlemanly American boat's crew received nothing but courtesy and justice through the whole affair, during their whole course of training and in the contest itself. They could not be insensible to the criticisms of the British press; but they found that even their American friends concurred with most of those criticisms during the course of training; and, like

sensible fellows as they are, the Harvards evidently profited by the concurrent remarks of their friends and opponents, by changing part of their crew, and in other respects. Nor could they be insensible of the cheering naturally flowing from a British multitude in favor of the British boat, as the great race was in progress. But our American boat's crew and their friends generally concur in acknowledging that fair play and gentlemanly treatment were awarded them in every respect. They had a "fair field" at least, if "no favor," from the whole British multitude that thronged the banks of the Thames during the exciting contest. And the social reunion between the contestants when the race ended, as well as the editorials of the leading London journals, indicated the prevalence of that frankness and cordiality with which honorable opponents regard each other "after the battle."

As this new mode of international rivalry does not end with the contest on the Thames, we may look for an exciting time when the Harvards meet their Oxford competitors in American waters. And, whatever may be our opinions about the propriety of these boating



MOUNTAIN BOY, BREAKING.

LADY THORN.

THE RACE BETWEEN THE CELEBRATED TROTTERS LADY THORN AND MOUNTAIN BOY, AT THE PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, BROOKLYN, L. I., SEPTEMBER 3D—THE START.—SEE PAGE 11.

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contests between collegians of our own and other lands, we indulge the hope that the admirable management and excellent spirit which characterized the late contest in British waters, will, if nothing else does, shame our own people into the adoption of arrangements whereby the contests between the Yale and Harvard Boat Clubs shall hereafter be freed from the rowdyism of all sorts that has frequently disgraced their regattas. Conducted in a decent way, the practice of inter-collegiate boat-racing may be tolerated—but such scenes as have been witnessed on some recent occasions should be universally denounced as disgraceful to our collegiate system, and unworthy of this age and people.

The particulars and illustrations given in different numbers of this journal render it needless to add much here, respecting the late international boat-race. The style of the boats, the appearance of the crews, and the aspect of the scene presented by the regatta, as shown in the illustrations, will, with their accompanying statements, enable our readers to realize correct impressions of the whole affair, which "lordly London" poured out hundreds of thousands of its people to witness.

But we cannot close these remarks without expressing the hope that our collegiate friends will exercise mind as well as muscle in preparing for future regattas. They may effect some public benefit by thinking on and whittling out such oar-blades as are recommended by the Hon. Thomas Ewbank, Ex-Commissioner of the Patent Office—to whose suggestions we directed attention through our article on the subject of Boating in *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER* of the 4th instant.

The picture of the oar-blade which he deems best fitted to utilize the strength of rowers, therein given, sufficiently explains the plan advised by Mr. Ewbank. It is asserted that the same amount of wood shaped in that way will give far greater power than the common oar to the boatman, with corresponding speed to the boat. Let the oar taper from the point where it enters the water down to its lower extremity, and you have something analogous to the form used by the Great Mechanician of the Universe in giving power to certain members of the feathered and finny tribes, most noted for celerity of movement. Laugh at these suggestions as some supercilious people may, they are worthy of a test, even though they had not the Author of Nature for an endorser. The philosophic Thomas Ewbank is not the man to run after absurdities, or urge others to rush on wild experiments. A fair trial with oars shaped after his advice, will quickly show whether the plan is or is not worth permanent adoption, not only for the satisfaction of boat clubs, but for the benefit of all who are compelled to tug at the oar for an honest living. Is not his suggestion worthy of a test by some of our intelligent collegians? The "Harvards" may render their next regatta particularly memorable if they act on these suggestions.

This international regatta furnished an admirable illustration of the powers of the telegraph. The contest closed about half-past five o'clock, and though about twenty-five minutes were required for the reporter to reach the telegraph office, bringing the time of departure to about six o'clock, the result was flashed through the Atlantic cable so as to reach New York about a quarter past one, while the news reached the Pacific coast about nine o'clock, enabling many of the San Franciscans to discuss the subject at their breakfast-tables, and swallow the defeat with their coffee!

The spirit with which this aquatic rivalry is watched in the United States may be inferred from the fact that one of the graduates of Harvard publicly offers five thousand dollars as contribution toward paying the expenses of inviting the "Oxfords" to come and try a contest with the "Harvards" in American waters.

The London *Times* is among the warmest eulogists of our young countrymen, assigning them a large share of the honors of the contest. "As for gallantry, energy and pluck," says the *Thunderer*, "Harvard showed an example we may honorably hope to equal, but which we cannot excel."

**HISTORICAL ARITHMETIC.**—The French delight in arithmetical calculations; and there is a curious one just now on foot, which is of such interest that nearly every paper in France has reproduced it. The distance in chronology between Saint Louis and Louis XVI. is 520 years. By adding this figure to the dates which mark some of the leading events in the life of Saint Louis, we are said to obtain the date of analogous events in the life of Louis XVI. Saint Louis was born in 1215; add 520 to this, and we have the year in which Louis XVI. was born, 1735. The birth of Isabella, sister of Saint Louis, took place in 1225; add 520, and we have 1745, the year in which Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI., was born; and be it remembered, by-the-way, that Isabella and Elizabeth are but different forms of the same name. The death of Louis VIII., father of Saint Louis, occurred in 1226; add 520 as before, and we have 1746, the date of the death of Louis (Dauphin), father of Louis XVI. The preliminary negotiations for the marriage of Saint Louis were undertaken in 1231; add 520, and we have 1750, the date of the marriage of Louis XVI. So the calculation proceeds in regard to a number of other events which have a real or fancied analogy. It is difficult to know where to stop, and we are content to note the more remarkable examples.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
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NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

## Our Twenty-ninth Volume.

THE Twenty-ninth Volume of *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*, which commences with this number, promises, in view of liberal arrangements for improvement in all its departments, to be particularly brilliant and interesting.

The remarkable success that has attended this publication from the day of its introduction to the public, more than fourteen years ago, has long since established its reputation as the most popular and valuable of American pictorial. With an experience of many years in all the details of this branch of journalism, we have so closely studied the popular taste, that, with each succeeding year, we are enabled to enhance the attractiveness of the *ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER* with some new element of popularity. In the course of the new Volume the extent of our resources in that respect will become apparent to an appreciative public.

## Delays not the Law's, but Brady's.

We have another letter from our correspondent "L." to whose complaint of delays in one of our courts, and of gross favoritism by one of its judges toward the self-condemned defendant in the action, we felt called to give a place. He now tells us that :

"It is now a month since Judge Brady decided against my right to discontinue an action brought by myself, and yet that judge has not entered his order in the case, but is, as I learn by the papers, at Long Branch and Rockaway. As a consequence, I have been unable to appeal as I intended to do, and am constantly fined \$50 a week—another \$200 being already added to the previous penalty for trying to rid myself of an adulteress! I now stand held for \$5,200, and my case is not yet on the calendar. I do not know whether the defendant has yet fixed her eyes on any brown-stone front in the city for an 'establishment.' By a little patience, and by keeping up a good understanding with the judge and pet lawyer, she will be able to buy or build, at my cost, what any true and virtuous woman would be glad to obtain as the result of fidelity to her husband, and faithful co-operation with his efforts. While I, the injured party, will be slowly but steadily deprived of the small competence I have been able to secure, in spite of this woman's hostility and machinations!

"I am aware that matters of a personal kind are unsuited to your columns, except when they illustrate a general wrong. But I am astounded to find that my case is no exception—one—astounded to learn, experimentally, what I never before believed possible, that some members of the bench and bar of New York are more corrupt than history records in any part of the world. There seems to be, in some of the higher courts, that same kind of collusion between lawyers and judges that so notoriously exists in the lower police courts. In other words, 'shysterism' has penetrated into the hitherto supposed pure atmosphere of the City Hall, and Broadway, and Pine street, and partial and prejudiced judges now-a-days lend a willing ear and private hearings to their personal favorites and political friends 'of the bar,' and if we can credit the statements of more than one of them who knows whereof he speaks, they sometimes ask 'Shall we put him through strong?' Or, 'Now you have got him fast, shall we squeeze him five thousand or ten?—he can afford it.'

"You may not entirely credit all that I say about the 'shysterism' of men belonging to what was once, and no doubt still is to a large extent, an honorable profession, but I will soon be able to give you names and evidence. In my own case it appears, on the confession of the woman herself, that one of her attorneys, a member of Dr. Adams' church, and 'an ornament of the bar,' was not entirely satisfied with the probable heavy 'counsel fees' which he justly counted on as sure to be awarded to him by a pocket judge, but sought something more. I cannot well be more specific at present, and I only make this reference in partial vindication of my previous remarks."

Our correspondent encloses certain sworn statements on this latter point, which, however conclusive, are not such as we can admit in dealing with the essential question of his case. How far he will be justified, or consider himself justified, in giving names, is a question for himself, under the nature of his provocation, to decide. The gravamen of his complaint is the costly and weary delay which he endures in a court enjoined by law to render speedy justice. And on this point, we regret to say, his complaint seems well established. Judges are the paid servants of the public, and all the public, bound by every obligation possible to do the work assigned to them promptly as well as justly, and it is clearly an outrage worthy of severest censure to involve a plaintiff under a constantly increasing burden of debt, when the points at issue can be decided summarily, involving as they do but little reflection and but slight reference to authorities.

Perhaps it may be a satisfaction to our correspondent to know that Judge Barrett, of the court of which he complains, stands no chance of re-election to the post which he does not ornament, and that Judge Brady is anxious to resign.

## REST.

REST is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere.  
'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife  
Fleeting to ocean,  
After this life.  
'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,  
And this is true rest.

## NORDANOVSKY.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE wintry wilderness of a Western prairie, made as bewildering as dreary by the snow that shrouds it in a deathly robe, and that still is falling before the bitter north wind that pierces one to the marrow, does not afford one so pleasant a night's journey as can be imagined elsewhere, and I am recalling, as if it were of only this moment, the thrill of delight that coursed through my chilled and torpid veins, and set the blood in motion when, pursued by doubts lest I had lost my way, and by a suspicious cry of wolves, and, thoroughly wearied, I looked back, and found I had left the prairie, and was approaching a bluff of table-land and timber, far in whose shadow twinkled a solitary spark, assuring me of shelter and safety. It was then, after all, the farm of the exile, Nordanovsky, to which I had been directed, and feared that I had missed, a noble estate, well matching the man's old barony in Poland in its rich fields, its brooks and forests, though the log-house in which the exile contented himself was probably hardly to be compared to the ancient mansion that once had rung to the good cheer with which he and his fathers had been wont to entertain its guests. But it was only in such external things as the trappings of gilding and service that the comparison would have fallen; the cheer was there, the plenty, the wild and wealthy hospitality, and as Nordanovsky made me at once the master of his house, and placed all its resources at my order, it was evident that the freedom of this log-house was all that the freedom of any Polish palace could possibly have been, while its host, in his homespun, was, to say the very least, as plainly nobly and gently born and reared, as if he had been encrusted with the jewels and ribbons of a hundred knightly orders. There was something truly knightly in his appearance though—like the pictures of the old medieval earls he was—his nether garments tucked into gigantic boots, reaching half way to the thigh; a short garment, like a huntsman's blouse, belted at the waist with a leather strap, which had a curious silver buckle, the only relic of his old estate; but his great and splendid stature, as upright as a pine tree, giving one's artistic sense a thorough satisfaction, while the bearded face had not only that expression almost invariably to be found on the face of the cultured man, but was full of the wonderful beauty of chiseled feature and pallor of tint and brilliancy of eye, so that when I saw him I said to myself, 'It was no wonder that his wife loved him with a sort of idolatry, were it only for the delight of the eye and the pride of the flesh,' for I had but to glance at the quiet woman in her gray kersey gown and tatted collar, and see how her eyes constantly turned to him, as if never satisfied with gazing, and finding the old charm unaltered, to be quite sure that she did love him with idolatry.

This wife, so busily engaged in the rites of hospitality, was one whose appearance the welcomed guest would hardly like to criticize. She was no foreigner, like Nordanovsky, but an American born and bred, and as I looked at her exceedingly plain face, redeemed only by a rare, rich smile, I could not but marvel how a man of Nordanovsky's grace and learning, of his refined taste and love of beauty, came to select such a companion for the daily and hourly sight of his life—outwardly the very antipodes to himself. I had yet to learn that a perfumed flame may burn as brightly in an earthen pipkin as in an alabaster vase. She had been an orphan, I afterward learned, as the phrase goes, out in that desolate way which cannot be turned into any useful channel of self-support, and, being destitute, had lived in the family of a cousin, earning her own bread with hard work in the service of a petulant sickly woman, and always feeling like a dependent and a pauper, work as she would; neither pretty in person nor attractive in manner, her real goodness was an affair so much taken for granted through long habit, as to win but small observation, and she went on her daily round of duty, where all were wrapped in their own duties, without an outside ray of sunshine to brighten it—a little more bereft than another might have been, because she was one of those to whom sympathy and love are necessary constituents of the breathing air. Nevertheless she had a certain sunshine in her heart that no shadows could quite darken, and which gave her step its alacrity, and her face its smile, and the times were very evil ones with her, indeed, when her cheerfulness forsook her. But one day, as if it were the accumulation of a thousand days, when everything had gone wrong the whole house through, she suddenly broke down with thinking, it may be, of her inner loneliness, and with feeling afresh an unutterable longing for affection, and singing, as her wont was when she bestirred herself about her work, her voice trembled and quavered, and was drowned in a flood of tears that rushed up the more furiously that they had been put back so long. Fortunately for her, only an old neighbor and familiar witnessed this defection, and full of consternation ran for the salts, and the vinegar and the camphor-bottle, and made such a rout

about it that Mary used every endeavor to compose herself, lest the whole household should be called upon the scene to witness her tears and hysterics with indignation.

"It's nothing, Mrs. Stevens," said Mary, swallowing a whole flame of camphor. "I'm only nervous. There—it's all gone." And straightway she began again.

"No, it ain't," said Mrs. Stevens. "I've seen people nervous just that way before. You ain't happy—that's what's the matter. Nobody's happy in another woman's house. We ain't made that way. Every woman wants a house of her own, and was intended to have it. You're real lonely, too, any one might see. Mrs. Ellis don't know there's any world beyond her pots and kettles and babies. Twouldn't make a speck of difference to her if the Pope of Rome was to die to-morrow. Now, that little circumference of hers ain't enough for everybody. You could carry on the farm with one eye, and keep another open for the world outside, just's I can. And the fact is, you ought to be married."

"Married!" said Mary; then, between a laugh and a cry, "I never think of such a thing. Why! as if there was any one would have me!"

"There never swam a goose so gray but what could find its mate," said Mrs. Stevens, sententiously. "I'd find you a husband, quick metre, if you warn't so shy—there's no showing you off at all."

"I don't want a husband," said Mary. "It's only one master more. But I would like to earn my own living in some other way than I earn it now. I'd like to have a friend in the house to whom I could now and then say a word of the thought I was thinking, or the feeling I felt, for I am quite alone," said Mary, checking another little gust of weeping by getting out her scrubbing-brushes, and going to work to scour the floor, that shone already like a snowdrift.

"Don't you take on," said Mrs. Stevens. "I shouldn't wonder—now don't you open your lips—but I'm going to send a gentleman here to see you."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mary, blushing in one uncomfortable glow from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head, and as her scrubbing-brushes had never made her blush before.

"Yes, I am. A real gentleman. Somebody worth while. Somebody that's been about the world, and knows that where the sky shuts down on the prairie isn't the end of it. He has a farm, too, that beats all the farms hereabouts, and he lives all alone on it out there on the first timber across the prairie. And I told him about a girl I knew—how she went up and down all day long as patient as one of God's angels on the ladder between heaven and earth. I told him I'd got a wife for him, and that her name was Mary Ellis."

"Why, Mrs. Stevens, what did you mean?" cried Mary, springing up from the floor, and in an amazement something so like anger that it burned up her sorrow over more fanciful troubles in a second of time. "As if I were a morsel to be thrown to a dog! As if—"

"Now, Mary, that ain't like you! Don't you flare up like the dead grass at a spark. Listen. You need a friend; he needs a wife; you ain't happy here; he'll take you where you will be happy. And he's coming here to make a bargain with your cousin about some corn, before long, and then he'll see you and you'll see him for yourself."

"Mrs. Stevens," cried Mary, turning on the old neighbor as nobody had ever seen her turn on anything before, "if he comes here to see me, I'll set the dog on him, I will! And mind you tell him. Oh," she cried, hiding her face in her hands, "I am so mortified, so ashamed! I was wicked and ungrateful. I hadn't any trouble before, but this, this is real trouble!"

"Well, Mary, I'm glad you are ashamed! I'm ashamed of you!" said Mrs. Stevens; and off she trudged, and it is very likely that she told the whole thing to the other party in the proposed affair when she saw him, if only to clear up her own mind in the matter, which was in as much confusion as that of a physician might be who had administered some potent medicine which was either to kill or cure, and he didn't know which.

As for Mary, she was overwhelmed with shame, as she had said. She knew well enough her personal defects, and that no youth had ever cast a glance upon her lingering enough to discover any charm she had, if indeed there were any, or to imagine a virtue where there was no charm. And now, not only was the contrary assumed for her, but that she lay in watch and waiting for the first prey that passed her way; and if ever, by any wild and improbable chance, true love and the romance of tender feeling might have fallen in her lot, a rude hand had snatched it away and delivered her over to the vulgar commonplace of life. These things were bad enough, but what was infinitely worse, was the hateful fact that she had been actually cast at the feet of any one to take or leave, and did not even know the man's name, so that she might express to him her disapprobation of the arrangement and her dissent; and so indignant was she with Mrs. Stevens for so ruthlessly attacking her modesty, that she could not have asked the man's name for the sake of all the lovers in Illinois. And when, to conclude, one week passed, and another, and no one came to bargain with her cousin about his corn, then a shame, full as fierce as the first shame, stung her, to think and believe, as she did, that all the world knew she had been offered to this man and he had rejected her, her very flesh burned, and she went about her work as if she had been possessed by a fury.

She had plenty of time to brood over her misfortunes, for the visits of the neighbors were suspended by the harvest work; Mrs. Stevens did not venture in again immediately, and if she had done so, Mary probably would not have allowed her to open the subject of her mortification anew, that being closed between them; and though, at other times, there was no dearth

of acquaintances dropping in day by day, three weeks passed now, and the only face that Mary saw was that of a stranger at the door asking in a foreign accent where he should find her cousin, giving her a long and curious look out of a face that Mary remembered afterward for its singular wild beauty, as if it had been photographed on her mind's eye ; remembered it as one might a picture in a gallery, but not in any light personal to herself—for Mary was so sure that she was both plain and repulsive, as never to dream of love and liking, except in some idle reverie, so that a man whose power, whose beauty, whose charm of manner, might thrill another woman's heart, Mary looked upon in the relation of his possibilities as that other woman's lover, but for herself, she stood, so far as anything of that sort went, as much outside the pale of humanity as if she had been invisible ; and she was, moreover, quite too well accustomed to see eyes dwell upon her and depart with no expression of pleasure in them, to deem it anything peculiar when this stranger turned abruptly away without a second word, and went in a direction precisely opposite to that which she had pointed out. A year passed at length, a year marked by nothing but the fact that it was so much time gotten over, and in its passage Mary had risen above the little trouble, wondering at herself for having suffered so through any piece of childish vanity like that, and casting over her usual rounds a gliding of cheerful good-nature, no matter how sedious, or tiresome, or lonesome they were. That day a year ago had been a bitter lesson to her. "God has put me here," said Mary, "and my first duty is to be happy where He puts me ;" and all the year she was doing her best toward performing that duty thoroughly. And so the harvest time came round and the new laborers came with it. Harvest-laborers were common things enough in her life, so Mary broiled the bacon for them, and made their corn-dodgers and doughnuts and coffee, and hardly ever looked at them or thought of them as other than parts of a machine similar to the mowers and reapers, and a little more inconvenient perhaps because animated. But one day, as she poured out the coffee, some movement of one of them startled her, and she poured the scalding stream directly on her hand and wrist, and saw in a dismay that the face of the owner of the scalded hand was the one whose singular wild beauty had photographed itself on her mind's eye a year before.

"Have no trouble," said he, as without a syllable she ran for the cooling flour and oil, "it is nothing."

"Oh, it is shocking," cried Mary. "How could I have been so careless ? Now you are disabled—that is terrible. Poor hand—I had rather it were my own ! " And the thought of the injury she had inflicted made the tears start into her eyes.

"You are more troubled than I myself," said the injured one. "Do not be so. If you have disabled me, as you say, then I shall stay indoors till you make me whole again. In-doors while all these others are toiling in the heat. Human nature is but a bad thing after all, when that compensates one, though—how is it ? " And he looked up at her as if he spoke to an old acquaintance, so that she shrank back coloring, under the simple large-eyed gaze.

"Oh, but their heat will be something different from yours," she stammered, in surprise at his making no more ado.

"Let it be. It is not pleasant ; but I have had worse pain. It is a trifle ; say no more."

But though Mary said no more, she brought the fresh flour and the cool bandages to him every half hour, during the whole time in which she knew the anguish must be unalloyed, while he, making no complaint, and really in far less suffering than she had imagined, sat nearly all day long of every day, in the chimney-corner that he had chosen, and watched her going about her duties, allotting the work to these, lightening it from those, taking the fretful baby from its tired mother and getting it to sleep, contenting the little girls with a fairy story while she took the butter from the churning and gave them each a tiny pat to dress, keeping herself, and not another, all the machinery of the house in harmonious motion ; never idle a moment of the livelong day, and at night bowing her head over the children as they knelt around her at their evening prayers, and refused to go to bed at all unless cousin Mary went up with them into their loft, and never forgetting the sweet smile and pleasant word for every individual that approached her. It was a week that he watched her, never failing in her tasks, ere it occurred to him to relieve her of a portion of them, the soothing and entertainment of the children, who had from the first manifested a lively interest in the condition of his hand, and always hovered about at the dressing of the wound ; and with the suggestion he immediately enlisted their attention by hints concerning a kingdom in the ground where he had seen some one go in all dressed in black and gold, and made such entrancing goblin lore out of little bits of natural history that soon they were hanging round him like bees round honey, and Mary had some moments of daylight in which she could take her sewing and come and sit down opposite him when the children had left their devotions at his shrine, and endeavor to repay his kindness in their regard by beguiling, with some words upon whatever theme he liked the best, these hours which she fancied must be tedious enough to him—not with any confidence in her own powers, but certain that every one must have some favorite thought which gave the owner pleasure to talk about to any sympathizing listener whatever. She had wondered a good deal about him, who he was, and where he came from ; everybody was too busy, in the hurry of the work, to stop and say a word about him, and she did not know why, but she had never asked any questions concerning him—but she was certain that he was foreign-born, though his English was better than her own, and she wove various little histories in her own

mind out of his unknown experiences, and such of them as might have brought him over seas and across a continent to this seat by the green boughs of the summer chimney-side. Once as she bathed and bound his hand, now beginning to heal, she ventured to say, ere she thought :

"This is a lady's hand. It has never done much work."

"Work?" he replied. "There you mistake. It has puddled iron ; it has cleared a farm and laid it down in corn and wheat. It has done good work. It has fought battles ! "

"Battles!" said Mary, aghast—for it was in the days when battles seemed to all of us to be mere myths of history. "I knew you must have had adventures in your own land, but I—"

"In my own land ? This is my land."

"I mean where you were born."

"Why do you think I was born in another land ? "

"I don't know, I am sure," said Mary. "A tone, a trick of speech, which is not exactly like ours—the way you regard things—and your face."

"That is strange ; for I was sent to be educated in an English school, and I pride myself upon my speech—I think as often to myself in the language of the English as of the Poles or of the French."

"I knew it!" said Mary. "I was certain of it. You are a Pole, and you have been in a rebellion against tyrants—that is what your face says ! "

"And you can read it ? You are a wise woman, you are an angel—that is what your face says."

"Oh, no," said Mary, flushing up her forehead. "I am only a maid-of-all-work."

"Tell me some more of my past," said he, well satisfied with this strange sympathy of hers which had divined him so without a word, "or else, you are so much a witch, I shall ask you to tell me something of my future."

"Of your past?" said Mary, trembling a little, impossible to say why. "How can I ? except that I suppose you are an exile, that with this white hand you may have been a noble, though that is hardly likely and you here—"

"I was a noble, but, stripped of titles and estates, now I am nothing but myself. And I thank the destiny that stripped me, that brought me here, and that has shown me all these millions, educated like nobles, but self-sustaining, free, and neither oppressing nor oppressed. I was only an insurrectionist ; now I am a revolutionist, and would strike at the root of all the established authorities of the Old World. I love my loghouse here better than my castle there. I love better to come and help my neighbor gather his harvesting in, than I did to go and render yearly service to my monarch at the court."

"Did you do that ? "

"Certainly. I was a courtier like the rest of them, till one by one I felt and saw all the abuses of my land that the three rulers had divided among them as the soldiers did the raiment of Christ. Then I was a conspirator, and, immediately, a rebel," he exclaimed, warming with old recollections until it almost seemed as if his white face flashed fire.

"Tell me about that," said Mary, bending forward, and forgetting all her shyness and homeliness, at this vista opening before her into other countries, other passions, other life than any she had known.

"It is a long story," said he. "I do not like to remember it. Yet some time, perhaps, if you want it you shall have it all. I will tell you here the beginning and the ending of it. When I came to my estates and was taken first to court, I was a child, and others lifted my hand and performed acts of allegiance for me. I had not come of age to redeem their pledges when my nation's sufferings roused me, and I ranged myself with my people. I will pass all that and come to the close. I saw burning villages and children thrust back into the flames. I saw old men tortured to death to make them reveal where their sons were hidden ; they never did. I and those sons were one. We lived in caves, in tree-tops, in eaglets' nests—anywhere.

We hung on the skirts of the enemy and harassed him. His work became a work of extermination. After the last skirmish, in our own land there were but eight left ; we retreated to gather new numbers, for the contest was not to die, but so long as a dozen of us could hang together we would continue it till the generation of children could join us ; so we retreated to rest, to fall on the Russian again in fresh force like a lightning-bolt. It was dark, and the rain poured. Every now and then we called over our tally, beneath the breath, lest any should have failed to keep abreast. They were all there. At last one gave no answer ; we halted ; then we took courage and hallooed, but no one replied. He had been wounded and was bleeding, and had fallen by the way. I went back in search of him, groping through the black wood, here listening, here softly calling, here creeping on hands and knees, till I found him. He was too much exhausted to stir ; I took him upon my shoulders and labored on till day surprised us, and we crawled beneath a pile of loose brushwood to wait for night. The sun came out and dried the rain. The Russians came up and set the brush on fire. It smoked and smoldered ; the wind blew off the smoke so that we did not suffocate. The heat became pain, the pain became agony ; I would endure it as long as my companion did. Presently I found that he was dead, and I threw off the brush and leaped out among my foes, burning, half-naked, and wild. They were terrified, and I dashed through the first of them before they could raise hand. I was in the torrent of the mountain stream taking its cold delight into my aching sides, battling half across it, before they swam after me, seized me, and dragged me back. They knew who I was—game too large for them to harry—and they led me toward headquarters.

As they went I heard them talking to one another concerning the emperor, who had come

upon the scene in person, and was halting then in the next village ; and I cried to my guard that they were to take me to the emperor. I knew that were I taken to headquarters where those who hated me—who hated me now as a Pole and a rebel, as they had hated me then when a rival and a courtier : knew that were I taken there nothing was before me but the torture and the slow death it might bring ; but in old times the emperor had signalized me with his favor more than once, he had even loved my father. I stood some chance with him, and no one desires death. Yet though my captors hesitated, when I repeated my order, on pains and penalties, that they should conduct me to the emperor, the fools did not dare determine for themselves that I might not be an emissary of his imperial will, and did as they were bidden. So when I stood naked and scorched before the man, and answered his questions with accusations of the wrong he did my country, he was silent for a while, and then he replied—for he was a just man :

"Much may be as you say. The people may have the right to revolt against my government if it is an oppressive one—but you—your father's son had no right."

"Sire," I answered him, "I owe a duty to these people that I do not owe my father's friend."

"Nor your monarch ? "

"This presence is no monarch of mine."

"No monarch that holds the power of life and death over you ? "

"I never gave that power. I am a Pole. I surrendered it to no Russian. I deny that power."

"At least I can refuse to acknowledge your liberty to remain within the boundaries of my realm ? "

"In what may be that realm ? "

"In all the empire, then. For the last ashes of the insurrection is trodden out in yourself, and I rule throughout these borders absolutely. I am not going to take your life, Nordanovsky. Not because you are your father's son, but because you never swore allegiance to me, and I will not take from any one what he denies to be mine. Besides, I admire greatness of soul, even when used against myself. But in my flax I cannot have such fire, and you must leave the land—choose whether for Siberia or Austria."

"Sire," I cried, "I too can admire greatness of soul, for the monarch who rises above his habit and his tradition to feel the rights of man, is one whom I would be proud to call my king, were he also Poland's king ! " So I knelt and kissed his hand, for he was a man worthy to be ruler—over Russia ; and he had spoken to me man to man, not king to slave. And so I came to America. I took nothing with me but the clothes that were given me. I had the world before me, and my livelihood to gain by labor. I had espoused the cause of laborers—fate made me one myself. I had seen them smelting the ores in my mountain sides. I knew the way, and became a puddler in the iron works till my hoarded wages bought a small farm, which I exchanged with a railway that needed it for the farm yonder, where I live ; and there I built my house and cleared my fields, and have reaped my harvests, a free citizen these five years gone. Now I have told the past," said he, suddenly ; "it is your turn to tell the future."

Mary had been leaning forward, gazing at him with a glance as intense as the focus of a burning-glass, her cheeks pale, her eyes shining with eager interest, while the man who had spoken face to face with kings spoke face to face with her, while she touched herself that life beyond the seas, as different a thing from her life as that of some different order of beings might be, and felt all the rapt self-forgetfulness that discoverers of new seas and stars may feel.

"You are a good man," said she, softly and quickly, taking her eyes away, and beginning to bethink herself of the hand she had paused in dressing. "You disbelieved in the great inequalities that give one man waste and another man starvation, and in supporting your disbelief you surrendered your wealth, your fields, and woods, and jewels, and houses, luxury, idleness, ease, I suppose, a wife fit to mate with one of blood filtered so long through pure veins, as yours has been, children such as you would be proud to claim ; you became one of the laborers that labor with God, the first of laborers. You deserve that all the world should ring with your praises, that all these farmers should do you reverence ! You help them get their harvests in. They should plow and sow and reap for you."

"No," said he, laughing. "I make no secret of my story, but it is nothing to tell except to those for whom it may have significance. And I have not surrendered a wife fit to mate with me, but it is for her—to good, too good for me, I know—to say whether I must surrender all hope of her. And if ever children should be given me, they will be children such as I shall be proud to claim, for the beauty of their mother's nature in them shall leaven all the fault in mine."

He was looking into the fireplace, where the green boughs that filled it were fluttering in the chimney's draft, and Mary thought he was talking to himself, and made him no reply. She lit her eyes again, and let them rest on him, so beautiful the face, so proud the man, so strong, so good, so deserving of all blessing, and yet more alone in the world than she herself was. She did not know that the tears had risen and glazed her eyes as they rested on him, and were dropping over on her hands, and it seemed to her that she was in some delirious dream, when all at once he turned and took those two rough hands of hers in one of his, and kissed them as if they belonged to some soft-skinned lady, whose velvet bloom no hard wind nor rude effort had ever brushed away.

"Look," said he. "I love you. They told me you were so good, I came to see. And the love has sprung up in my heart while I sat

here and watched you, as the winter rye shoots up its thousand green blades to the April sun. I bless the fate that brought my hand to grief, if it only give me your hand in return. I bless it anyway, for it is something to have loved. See," said he, presently, as he put out his arms and drew her gently into his embrace, half blushing, half crying, "I asked you to tell me the future—my log-house stands out there on the first timber across the prairie." Mary started, and looked up at him, and then hung her head to hide her face again. "Tell me," said he, "and I going back to it alone. It will be cold and cheerless there outside this winter, with wolves howling under its windows—very like a drear place for a bride. Are you coming to be its life and light as you move about inside ? "

"Me?" gurgled Mary, half stifled with joy, shame-faced surprise and tears. "So ugly ! Me?" unable to believe herself or him.

"You ! You who are lovelier to me than any flesh and blood could be, however fair—more beautiful than Cleopatra, for you have the grace of God on your forehead ! "

And that was how this plain, plump woman, who made me so welcome in the log-house on the first timber beyond the prairie—this plain, plump woman, with her little nose and bulgy forehead and large mouth, her colorless eyes and hair, her big red hands, her kersey gown, came to be the Baroness Nordanovsky.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

##### Review of the Paris Firemen.

The corps of firemen doing service in Paris was recently organized, and the event was made the occasion of the presentation of a flag from the Emperor, by Marshal Canrobert. In 1786 the firemen, who had been formed in a kind of volunteer corps, were assimilated with the regular defenders of the country, and, in consequence of their complete drilling, were placed on the same footing as a crack regiment in the army. On the accession of the Emperor Napoleon, he took advantage of their military organization, and their ranks have been augmented until the force forms two battalions. They take rank next to the Zouaves. On their reorganization they were reviewed by Marshal Canrobert, who presented the Emperor's gift, as a recognition of their gallantry and usefulness.

##### The Inter-University Boat-Race—The Harvard Crew Going Out for a Spin on the Thames.

As the time drew near for the great international boat-race, the interest in both crews grew hourly deeper. Particularly was this true in regard to the Harvards, and although the practice-work of each day was nearly alike, being varied mainly by time, tide, weather, etc., large crowds of spectators assembled on the banks of the Thames whenever the crew embarked for a spin. All their movements were eagerly watched, and bets were regulated by the manner in which they conducted their practice. Little knots of men were seen distributed along the river-bank, some gesticulating as if pleased with the Harvard style, others shaking their heads in denial of the American superiority. Unheeding the presence of the crowds, the Harvards bent themselves to their oars in a quiet and modest manner, and after rowing over the course, returned, and sought their headquarters.

**Alarming Fire at Port Said, Isthmus of Suez Maritime Canal.**  
A very serious accident recently occurred at Port Said, where the Arab population of that bustling entrepot on the Suez Canal had made their quarters. About 500 habitations, many of them only frail structures, had been accumulated in this quarter, and when the fire broke out, from unknown causes, the destruction was very swift and great. Measures were at once taken to provide for the support of the unfortunate Arabs, who saved little except the clothing on their persons from the flames.

##### Croquet Tournament at Highgate, England.

The meetings arranged by the National Croquet Club, in the cricket-ground, belonging to the Grammar School at Highgate, England, on the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th August, were the first of the kind held in the neighborhood of London that partook of a public character. The result proved Mr. Peel to be the croquet champion of England until 1870, up to which time he will be liable to be challenged by any one in England. It is anticipated the attendance and excitement accompanying the meeting next year will be more noticeable, and that the exercise will be recognized as a regular branch of outdoor sports.

##### The Fete of the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Napoleon, Paris.

The grand fete held in Paris on Sunday, August 20th, were not merely in honor of Napoleon III., but to celebrate the centenary of the birth of the imperial dynasty. Salutes of cannon ushered in the day, and Te Deums at Notre Dame and at the Invalides were followed, in the ordinary routine, by open air amusements. The Champ de Mars was the chief point of attraction, and there were temporary theatres, exhibitions of acrobats, and all the usual accompaniments of country fairs. The magnified display of fireworks took place on the summit of the Place du Trocadero, facing the Champ de Mars, which was covered with immense crowds of spectators until early on Monday morning.

##### Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta, at Ryde, England.

The most exciting feature of the annual regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, which commenced at Ryde, England, on Monday, August 9th, was the contest for the Vice-Commodore's Plate, presented by the Marquis of Exeter, which came off on the following day. The course was around the Isle of Wight, and sixteen schooners and cutters were entered for the prize. The yachts were obliged to work their way in short tacks against a short jumping sea, which buried their hulls at every place, as they got into Spithead. The race was won by the Oimara, reputed the finest cutter in the world, and which figures principally in our illustration ; but on account of her rig as a cutter she had to give the Cambria, which came in second, a time allowance, that guaranteed the latter yacht the prize.

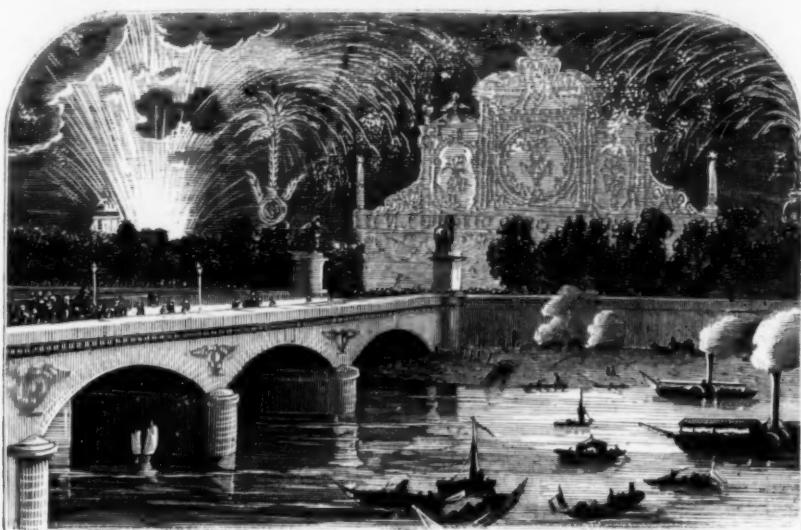
##### Presentation of the Dunmow Flitch.

On Monday, August 9, the ceremony of the presentation of the Dunmow Flitch was revived, after an interval of twelve years ; the last fete of the kind having taken place in 1857. The flitch is given to the married couple, or couples, who can swear that, after having been married a year and a day, they have never had a cross word with each other. The proceedings of the day commenced with a mock cricket match between clowns, but the real business of the hour was the presentation of the flitch of bacon, or rather of the flitches, since two were given. After this the procession was formed, consisting of men in armor on horseback, men in medieval dresses bearing banners, clowns, girls dressed

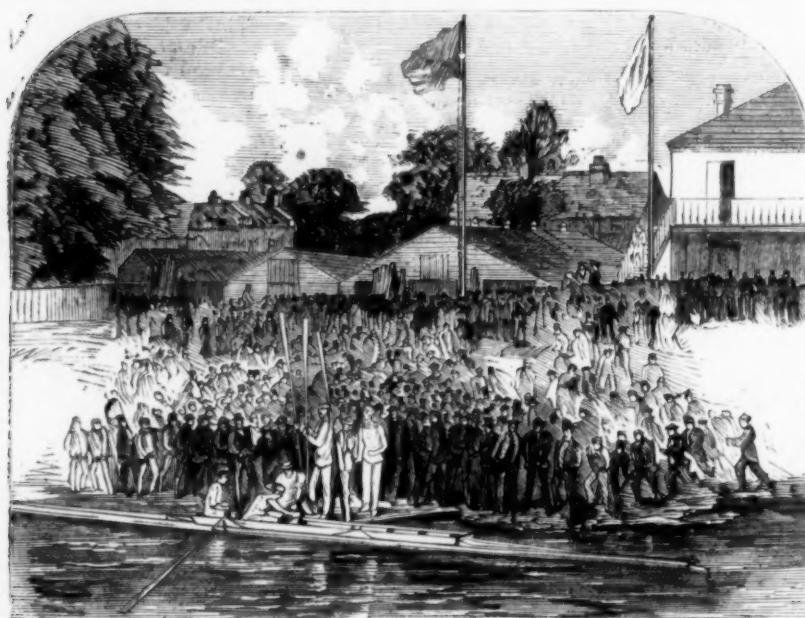
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 3.



FLAG PRESENTATION TO THE FIREMEN OF PARIS BY MARSHAL CANROBERT, ON THE ESPLANADE OF THE INVALIDES.



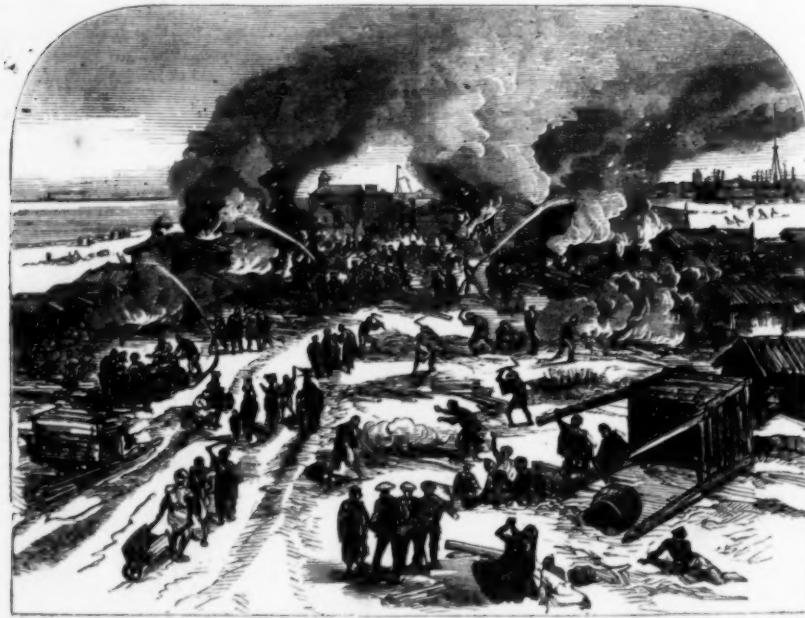
THE FETE OF THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF NAPOLEON I.—DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS, PLACE DU TROCADERO, PARIS, FRANCE.



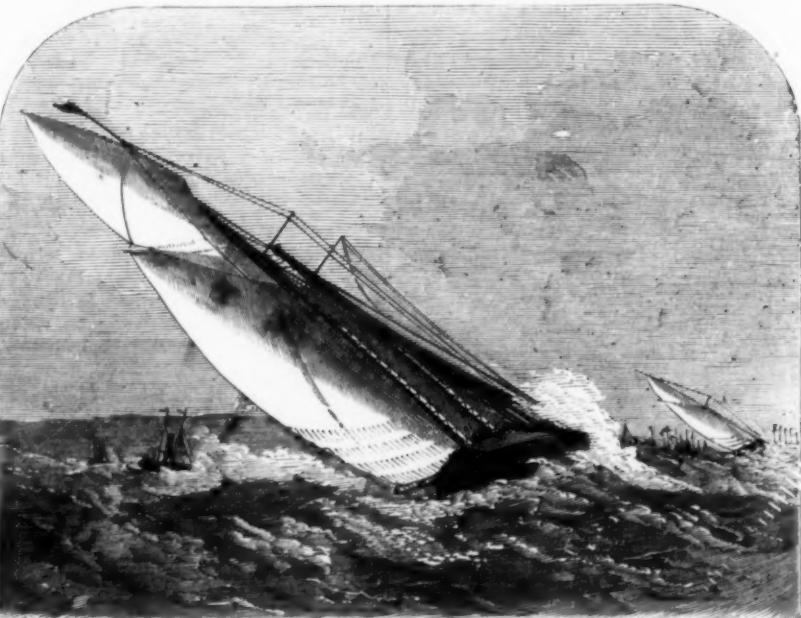
THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE—THE HARVARD CREW GOING OUT FOR A SPIN ON THE THAMES.



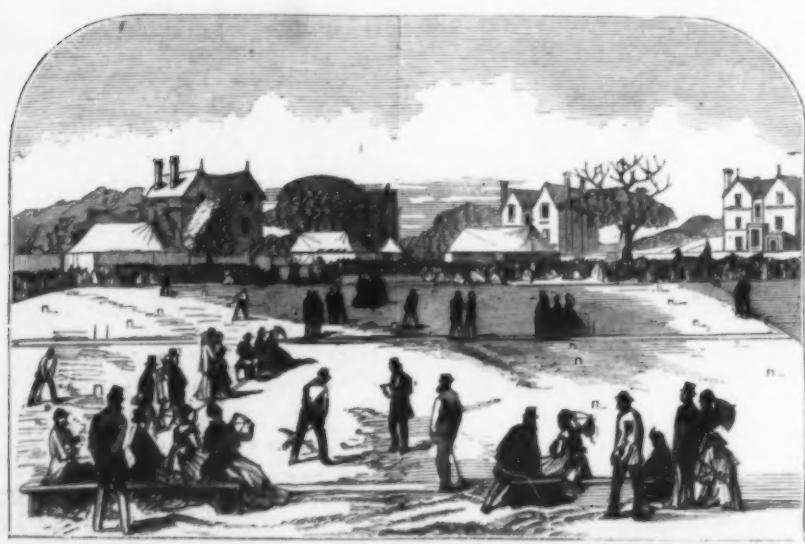
THE FETE OF THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF NAPOLEON I.—TE DEUMS AT THE INVALIDES, PARIS, FRANCE.



THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL—FIRE AT THE ARAB QUARTERS, PORT SAID.



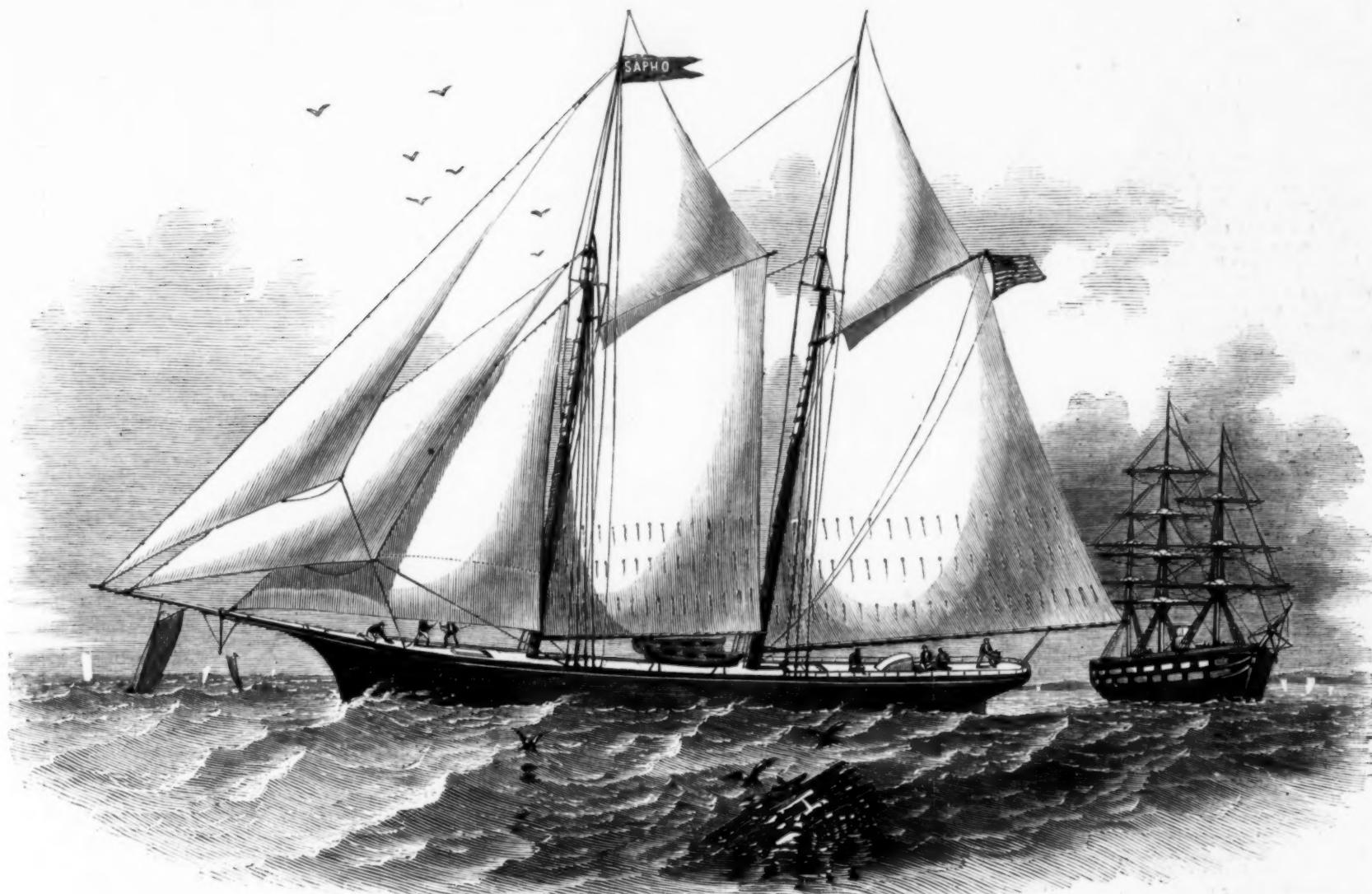
ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA, AT RYDE, ENGLAND.



CROQUET TOURNAMENT AT HIGHGATE, ENGLAND.



REVIVAL OF THE PROCESSION OF THE FLITCH OF BACON, AT DUNMOW, ENGLAND.



THE AMERICAN YACHT SAPPHO ENTERING QUEENSTOWN HARBOR.

## A MUSCULAR MYSTERY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE world is a great many years older now than it was in the age of Pericles, and taking advantage of this self-evident fact, it boasts greatly of the progress it has made, in spite of the trivial circumstance that it does not now paint as good pictures, carve as good statues, deliver as good orations, write as good poetry, as it did then. Still, having had its brain quickened in that bygone era, it has, since then, measured the stars, weighed the sun, harnessed the lightning, abbreviated space, annihilated pain, and even outstripped time. But for all that, it is the same world to-day; and in nothing is the truth of this statement to be seen more plainly than in the evidence of a tremendous interest manifested by young and old, high and low, on both sides of the globe, in the events of the recent boat-race on the tortuous little Thames. The Greeks collected from all their boundaries to celebrate the Olympiads with boxers and lampads, with chariot-racing and throwing of the quoit; the Romans held their gladiatorial games, in which they sacrificed the lives of their young men, or those of their enemies; the Anglo-Saxon has his prize-ring, his Derby, and his boat-race, in the last of which, if not in the first, the lives of young men are sacrificed as wantonly, if not as immediately, as ever in any Roman circus of them all.

And probably, since this love of manly sports springs from the desire of having superiority acknowledged in some palpable form, and before applauding multitudes, athletic games, of one sort or another, will continue to delight us

until we reach some unlikely point of civilization where the imagination shall outweigh the senses, and to hear of a victory shall be as good as to see one with the actual eye. Horse-racing, having lately ruined some dozen promising peers of the realm, is perhaps getting a little under the weather in England, just as the course is opening for it in America; but boat-racing is still regarded with equal favor by eager throngs at a white heat of excitement and with their hearts in their mouths, in both countries, these waving the rival colors along the crowded river banks, and those in the exchange, these watching the arrowy shells cleave the tide, and those the clicking of a wire.

It is somewhat difficult to account satisfactorily for this emotion that so quickens the pulses and suspends the business of two shop-keeping peoples, except by remembering the admiration of excellence inherent in all minds,

and the gratification given to this demand for excellence by boats that cut the water as only the swordfish can, and by rowing carried to its greatest known pitch of perfection. But not even that would be sufficient reason for the enthralled interest of millions as lately testified, interest that would hardly follow so breathlessly two parties of fishermen down the windings of the river unseen but by a small number of these millions; we must then add to it the bodily development required of the crews, which lets us join in the efforts of a manhood each representative of which is perfect as an animal, and all of whom are the subjects of a culture and education that makes them presumably perfect in civilization so far as civilization has yet mounted.

But perhaps the most singular thing in the transport of enthusiasm which seizes the public

in this latest contest, is the "sudden making of splendid names" for each of these eight youths. If they, or any of them, had thundered forth some burst of silver-tongued eloquence, we should have read a few paragraphs, and yawned, it may be; if they had sung some marvelous song, its sweetness, after a while, might have overflowed the horizon of one continent into the other, but only to be heard by a few; if they had won some battle that upset an empire, we should have forgotten them, and looked for the results. On the other hand, they have learned to propel a boat through the water, not so fast as it can be done by machinery, a boat that can be rowed for no commercial purpose, nor rescue any person from drowning—and the world rings with their names. The names of the last valedictorian at Harvard, graduating *summa cum laude*, and many marks beyond any ever grading

interest felt in the affair is yet nearly as keen as when in the rapture produced by a misunderstood telegram the women in the hotel parlors wept for joy, and the men on Wall street embraced and kissed each other. We love skill, we say, energy, daring; there is a certain romance about the water, and everything that has to do with it, which attracts us all; but, give to it what explanation we will, the whole affair, in its effect, remains a mystery, and we experience concerning it as much wonderment as that felt by the barbarian who, looking at the Olympian wrestlers and runners, marveled to see the heroic Greeks contending for a sprig of green leaves.

## THE YACHT SAPPHO.

THE voyage of the Sappho across the Atlantic, unprecedented in the history of sailing vessels in the remarkable time made, records another triumph for American naval architec-



PROFESSOR J. DWIGHT WHITNEY, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WARREN. SEE PAGE 7.



REV. LEWIS L. BRIGGS, PASTOR OF THE SHAWMUT UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, OF BOSTON, MASS. SEE PAGE 7.



THE SHAWMUT UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.—SEE PAGE 7.

ture. The Sappho left the Lightship, Sandy Hook, at seven A. M., July 28, and arrived in Queenstown harbor at nine o'clock Monday evening, August 9, thus making the passage in 12 days, 9 hours, and 36 minutes. She was on the Old Head of Kinsale in 12 days, 7 hours, and 51 minutes.

## ALMOST OVER.

It is almost over now.  
My life-work is nearly done;  
A few more stitches yet I trow;  
Long it seems since I began.  
And the thread of many years  
Has been sometimes soiled by tears,  
Knotted, too, by care and fears!

Oh, it is not that I shirk,  
Tolling on from day to day;  
I have learned to take the work  
As a comfort on my way.  
Yet I rest it on my knee,  
Just a little while, to see  
Evening creep on lovingly.

Silence—and a purple sky,  
Over-arching vale and hill,  
And silver stars, that seem to lie  
In the gold air, mute and still;  
While the rich and radiant West  
As for festival is drest—  
Amber studs upon her breast.

Now a mist most softly red,  
Putting out the purple light,  
Tinting all my twirling thread,  
Creepeth up into the night.  
I can longer work, you see,  
With the beam thus sent to me  
Ere the dark fall heavily.

Look, my children! everywhere  
O'er my work and heart is spread  
This bright gleaming from the air,  
Blotting out my trembling dread!  
From the light such joy I take  
That ye must not murmur make  
It, thus sitting, life's thread break.

Only put my chair aside,  
And in gentlest accents say:  
"Mother worked here till she died,  
With God's love-light on her way."  
By this token, dears, I know  
Of the heaven-light in a flow;  
It is almost over now!

## MY "OPPORTUNITY."

"You have missed your opportunity, Jack," said my uncle, leaning back in his easy-chair while complacently contemplating the beweaving dancing in the glass of '34 port, which he held admiringly between his half-closed eye and the light, as we sat together after dinner.

I should mention that my uncle, Samuel Smart, or as he was commonly called by the outside world, Sharp Sam, was a brisk widower of fifty-five or thereabouts, who for many years had been an active partner in the well-known firm of "Smart, Worrit & Screw," solicitors, from which locality he had retired to a handsome villa at Balham, in the sweet consciousness that he could lay down his head on his money-bags and sleep comfortably for the rest of his life.

"You have missed your opportunity, Jack. I never did. Throughout life I have acted upon the maxim that opportunity comes to all men, but only wise men know how to seize it.

"I dare say you have heard that I was not born, as some people have been, with a silver spoon in my mouth. Nature was satisfied with having provided me with a mouth of ordinary capacity, wisely considering that a spoon would have been a superfluity in the family of a poor author, whose children, like young birds, are mostly fed with a quill.

"My father—I blush to confess—was a poet, a sort of intellectual Eagle, who spent his time soaring to the Empyrean vault—wherever that may be—and stealing sacks of Promethean coals from that famous depot. Setting aside the illegality of the proceeding, the stolen property did not appear to lessen the consumption of WallSEND in our house, and I have heard my poor mother declare, with tears in her eyes, that 'Promethean fire was the only fuel that did not keep the pot boiling.' At length the poor Eagle, tired and worn out by repeated efforts to rise above the humiliating necessities of butchers' and bakers' bills, and being left without a feather to fly with, dropped one day from his perch—stone dead—bequeathing his six half-fledged eaglets to the protection of the wide world. I was the youngest of the brood, being only eighteen months old when the first opportunity of improving my position presented itself. Amongst the friends and relatives who on the death of my father kindly forbore to disturb our grief by offers of assistance, there was one remarkable exception. Sarah Jukes, an elderly maiden aunt, who enjoyed the reputation of an annuity of three thousand pounds and of having, in a moment of impulsive generosity, given a halfpenny to a crossing-sweeper, arrived one morning to tender my mother her sincere condolences on her loss, with the unexpected offer of the loan of *The Weekly Tribulation* on the day after publication, as a means of keeping up her spirits. The six orphan englets being duly presented to my aunt, that excellent lady was pleased to recommend my mother not to neglect providing new flannel petticoats for the girls, and stout boots for the boys, to keep the poor things warm in the approaching winter. Looking on me as I lay on my mother's lap, my aunt remarked, as she might of a thriving puppy dog, 'He's a fine little fellow!'

"This was my opportunity. I stretched my arms toward my aunt, laughed, crowed, and made sundry infantile efforts to express the pleasure I felt at being noticed by her. A

very fine little fellow,' she added, by way of confirming her first opinion.

"What age did you say, Mary?"

"Eighteen months."

"Only eighteen months! A most intelligent-looking child! And my aunt protruding her thin lips till they resembled a woodpecker's bill, produced a long chirpy note. I was in ecstasies. I clapped my hands, shrieked with delight, and struggled from my mother's knee in my endeavors to clutch my aunt's bonnet-strings.

"He really seems quite taken with me," said my flattered relative. I believe I was the first of my sex who had been so taken.

"I never saw anything like it," observed my mother. "He is usually so shy with strangers."

"Boys are all so fond of me," said my aunt, with a slight simper.

"I stretched my hands appealingly to her.

"Would you object to my holding him a little while?"

"By no means," replied my mother—transferring me from her own arms to those of my aunt. "There—don't let him slip—keep his head up—there—how beautifully you handle a child."

"Aunt Sarah's bosom did not in its yielding softness resemble an elder-down pillow; nevertheless I nestled in it with apparent satisfaction.

"You must be tired of that boy," said my mother, after some time, offering to relieve my aunt of her burden.

"I stole my little arms round my aunt's neck.

"Not at all; he is such an endearing little fellow that I can't bear to part with him."

"He does seem wonderfully attached to you all in a moment." Aunt Sarah pressed me closer to her whalebone structure.

"I declare you look as if you had been a mother from the cradle," observed my parent, with an insinuating smile. My aunt did not attend to the compliment—she was reflecting. At last she spoke:

"I've taken a fancy to the boy, Mary; you don't want him—leave him to me; I will take care of him."

"Great is a mother's love for her child, but as I was only one of six, my child's portion of maternal affection could not be very large. It was, therefore, without much difficulty, arranged that my aunt should take me with her, and that I should for ever abandon the maternal roof. If any thought could have entered my tender mind as I rode toward my future home in my aunt's carriage, it must have been the gratifying one—that *I had not missed my first opportunity*.

"Next day, by my aunt's direction, I was arrayed in a mourning garb—the whitest linen and the blackest sable completely altered my appearance, and I looked more like a glossy young raven of large expectations, than the poor ragged eaglet about whom nobody cared a straw.

"Infancy has a history of its own, if we could but trace it in the dim memories of the past. I have only indistinct recollections of the events of this portion of my life, but I believe all my actions were regulated by the one great principle of my being; for I have been told that when my aunt, in the pride of her assumed maternity, had me brought to table with the dessert, my instinct always prompted me to seize the opportunity, and the largest peach on the table, at the same moment.

"In due time I was sent to a boarding-school, highly recommended to my aunt as the very garden of knowledge, where the apple of wisdom grew in bushes on birch-trees. The Reverend Doctor Trounce had, like Le Sage's famous physician, one very simple but effectual mode of treatment, with offending pupils. He tried in the first instance whipping and starving, and if that did not succeed, he changed the treatment to starving and whipping. The doctor had also a theory that it was better to spoil the child than spare the rod; but, then, as has been said of the illustrious Mr. Calcraft—out of his profession he was kind and gentle as a lamb.

"During the five years I passed at school, my character began to develop in various ways; I never missed an opportunity of making friends with the boys who got the biggest plum-cakes from home. To one I especially paid the most devoted attention; he was the only son of a rich and indulgent mother, who supplied him abundantly with pocket-money, and every month forwarded a hamper to the school, addressed to 'Master David Wotherspoon, Excelsior House Academy'—crammed full of all sorts of cakes, dried fruits, pots of jam and marmalade, and boxes of sardines, of which I was always invited to partake. But David had another and higher claim to my regard than marmalade or sardines. I discovered that, on his coming of age, he would have the patronage of the rich living of Snugstead, in Sussex. I thought this might prove a happy means for improving my temporal and spiritual interests, and being then of the ripe age of fourteen, I determined upon entering the church, and had already selected the text of my first sermon, when an incident occurred which I shall relate.

"Doctor Trounce, amongst other evidences of cultivated taste, was passionately fond of peaches, and prided himself upon growing in his own garden the finest the country could produce. It happened one summer there was a general failure of wall fruit, and the doctor's cherished tree only bore six peaches, but these were of extraordinary promise, and he watched from day to day, with all the anxiety of a tender parent, the growth of the succulent delicacies—not for himself—no! Doctor Trounce meditated an act of self-denial worthy of a Christian anchorite at a Lord Mayor's turtle feast: he had determined on presenting them to the bishop of his diocese; and the very day on which the sacrifice was to be made, he walked into the garden to regale his eyes for the last

time on his treasure. Never had peaches looked so ripe, so juicy, and so tempting. While gazing with the fond admiration of a lover upon the downy cheeks of his darling—glowing with the richest gold and softest crimson tints—his mouth watered, and his eyes filled with sympathetic tears.

"It is hard to part with them," murmured the doctor; "but the bishop is grateful, and will appreciate the attention. How lovely they look! The old Vicar of Cogewell is dying—and—who can tell? Ah, there's a wasp feasting on one of them—lucky fellow! I should like just to smell them—a-ah! Ambrosia! Odors of Arabi!—ah—it's too much for poor weak human nature—the bishop must go without them. Here, John—to the gardener—let me have these six peaches at dinner to-morrow."

"That evening, returning home from a late walk, my way lay across the playground which adjoined the doctor's garden, when I was startled by somebody dropping within a few feet of me from the garden wall. There was sufficient light for me to recognize in this sudden apparition my friend David Wotherspoon, who, Jason-like, was carrying off the doctor's golden fruit in his pocket-handkerchief. He was confounded at seeing me, and could hardly stammer out:

"You won't split, Sam?"

"A vision of the parsonage of Snugstead was before my eyes, and I replied with a gush of generous enthusiasm:

"Never, Davy! never! I'll be flogged to ribbons first!"

"Terrible was the rage of the doctor when, on the following morning, the gardener reported the robbery of the peaches, adding his private opinion, that 'it could only have been done by one of the young gentlemen themselves.' Prayers said—we had always prayers before punishment—the doctor took his seat in his ample curule chair, and, prefacing the business in hand by a few emphatic observations on the enormity of breaking the eighth commandment, concluded by requiring the boy who had stolen his peaches to stand forth and confess his crime. A dead silence pervaded the school, for no one seemed disposed to accept the invitation. The frown on the brow of the reverend preceptor became dark as night.

"Let the culprit stand forth," repeated the doctor, with a vicious whisk of his cane.

"Nobody moved."

"One amongst you," said the doctor, "committed the deed. Once more, then, I ask who stole my peaches?"

"Nobody spoke."

"We shall soon discover the thief," said the doctor, reddening in his wrath. "I'll flog the whole school till I extract the truth." A cold shudder crept down the backs of the forty-nine pupils, who sat with white faces looking at their inflexible judge.

"I'll give you one last chance before I begin—mark me—only one. Who stole my peaches?"

"I did, sir," said I, standing boldly up.

"You, Samuel? The last boy in the school I should have suspected of such an atrocious act. Let this be a timely warning to you, boys—peaches lead youth to the gallows. I pity the unhappy delinquent, but justice must be satisfied. Strip, sir!"

"I need not dwell on the painful scene that followed. Doctor Trounce's vigorous arm had never performed its duties more effectively. The result was, I preferred standing to sitting for a whole week. David Wotherspoon, although he had not the honest courage to prevent my self-immolation, was in private profuse of his professions of gratitude, and I had the consolation of knowing that I had not missed the opportunity of making a friend, who might one day remember that I had borne stripes for his fault.

"I believe my anticipations might have been realized, had not poor Wotherspoon been unfortunately carried off by a surfeit in the plum season. The parsonage of Snugstead became a dissolving view, and I had nothing for it but to watch for an opportunity in some other direction.

"About this time also my aunt Sarah died, deeply lamented—as testified by the two fat cherubs who to this day continue to shed white marble tears on her monument. As my aunt had always lived up to her income, which died with her, she had little to leave me besides her furniture, plate, horses and carriages: these realized about one thousand pounds, and with this sum I began life by being articled to Mr. Worrit, a solicitor in a large country town. Candidly speaking, I felt I should have more opportunities in the Law than in the Church, and determining, if I could help it, not to miss one of them, I signed my indentures with a becoming degree of pride in the consciousness of being from that moment an integral portion of Magna Charta.

"I must do myself the justice to say, that I never missed any of those opportunities which fortune kindly threw in my way; and if the proceeds were small, they were deliciously sweet. Many a crown and half crown have I received from creditors of retiring habits against whom I had writs in my pocket, merely that I might look another way when we happened to meet at the corner of a street. Even a sovereign was now and then to be got out of a reluctant witness, who dreaded being dragged by a subpoena into a cross-examination by a bullying barrister. These small scraps of luck, which occasionally dropped into my dish, only whetted my appetite for more substantial windfalls. At length, one fell, as it were, from the clouds at my feet. Did I hesitate to pick it up? Did I miss the heaven-sent opportunity? Certainly not.

"Our firm, I should tell you, had a rich client, named Bond, a man of importance, too, in the town, who, for some reason best known to himself, died one night, without disturbing Mrs. Bond, who slept serenely by his side, happily unconscious of his danger until human

aid was too late. It was my especial business to attend the disconsolate widow on matters relating to the settlement of her late husband's affairs; but these were so complicated that we were obliged to devote a couple of hours every evening to the examination of intricate accounts. Yet Mrs. Bond did not—as many women might—grow weary of these dry investigations; on the contrary, she appeared particularly cheerful over them, and when I looked at her handsome, smiling face, surrounded by that frame of white muslin—the widow's cap, which she wore with an air of proud resignation—I could not help feeling more than a personal interest in her fate.

"Months passed on, and every day gave new brightness to the widow's eye, fresh color to her cheek; her smile had bubbled into a laugh, and her lips often melted into snatches of merry songs, which she immediately suppressed with the prettiest affectation of remorse imaginable.

"The dismal twelve-month during which society consigned bereaved relents to lugubrious weeds, approached its close; but as yet I had not ventured to give utterance to the thought that lay nearest my heart. I was waiting my time. At length it came. A grand horticultural fete was to be given on a certain day in the public grounds, and a numerous attendance of what the local papers called the wealth and beauty of the county were to be assembled on the occasion. On that day Mrs. Bond resolved to emerge from her sables, and burst into colors more gorgeous than the combined tints of all the flowers at the fete.

"Preparations were made by the widow and her confidential maid on a scale of grandeur proper to the important event. The services of milliners and dressmakers were secured for a month previously, and the latest fashions from *Le Follet* were copied with mathematical exactness; and if the result was slightly incongruous, the fault lay with the Parisian architect, not with the British builder. The bonnet—that crown and climax of the milliner's art—could not, however, be entrusted to any but a city artist; accordingly an order was given for one to a first-rate establishment, and on the evening preceding the fete the tiniest love of a bonnet that female head ever wore or imagined was delivered at Mrs. Bond's house. The widow held the beautiful object in her hand, looking at it from every point of view with increasing admiration. Her maid was in ecstasies. 'How lovely you will look in it to-morrow, ma'am, to be sure!'

"You think it becomes me, Hannah; and my complexion?"

"Matches it, ma'am, to a nicety. What a pity, ma'am, you have been obliged to wear that orrid black scuttle for a whole year."

"It wasn't cheerful," said the widow, with a gentle sigh.

"Oh, ma'am, if Mr. Smart could but look at you now, looking as you should look!"

"A reproof rising to the widow's rosy lips was checked by a knock at the hall door.

"There, ma'am, that's him—punctual as the clock—he always is—regular with the muffins, ma'am."

"Hold your tongue, girl, and open the door," said the widow, throwing off the new bonnet and hastily arranging her cap at the glass. That done, she turned to replace the bonnet in the band-box, when, horror upon horror! she beheld that matchless work of art on the floor, and her lap-dog—the pampered ingrate, Floss—tearing it into shreds.

"When I entered the room, Mrs. Bond was dissolved in tears. Alarmed beyond expression, I ventured to inquire what had happened.

"Ruined—utterly ruined and destroyed!" she replied, pointing to the wreck of the bonnet.

"I comprehended the disaster in moment, and attempted to speak words of comfort to the agitated widow; but she refused to be consoled, and burst into a fresh passion of tears. I suffered the tide of her grief to flow without interruption until it had slackened, and then ventured to suggest that another bonnet might be procured by the following day.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed. "I had to send to the city for that, and there is no time to order another. Was ever woman so unfortunate?"

"I looked at my watch, it wanted five minutes to seven, and I remembered that the express train to London was due at seven o'clock. Here was a glorious opportunity—but a moment's delay might lose it. I snatched my hat, rushed from the room down stairs, as if a certain nameless personage was at my heels, dashed off to the station, and succeeded in catching the train. The journey was performed, and I had just time, on arriving in the city, to purchase another miracle of a bonnet—which the milliner assured me had been made for a young belle on her wedding tour, and which was half an hour later in the fashion than that which had been destroyed by the heartless 'Floss.' Returning home by the fast train in the morning, I sent my prize to the widow, with a neat little note, expressing the great happiness I experienced in being enabled to request her acceptance of a bonnet—more diminutive than the one she had unfortunately lost.

"The transition from despair to joy—on the appearance of this unlooked-for present—can only be understood by the female mind. Mrs. Bond was in raptures, and Hannah expressed her conviction that I must have 'flown to the city for it in the night.' Both agreed that it was a crowning effort of art, and must make quite a sensation at the fete. They were right. Mrs. Bond and her bonnet attracted more attention than even Barnwell Bluff's enormous pumpkin."

"That evening Mrs. Bond invited me to a friendly cup of tea and a quiet game of *écarté*. Never had I seen her so radiant—so dazzling—so generally irresistible. She was profuse in her thanks, unbounded in her expressions of gratitude.

"It was so kind, so thoughtful of you," she

said, 'to have taken so much trouble to gratify a foolish fancy of mine.'

"I protested I had done nothing—absolutely nothing worthy of being mentioned by a lady for whom I entertained the sincerest—'affection' I would have said, but the word stuck in my throat, and I was compelled to get it out of the way by swallowing a large piece of muffin.

"We sat down to *écarté*, but my mind wandered, and I could see nothing but hearts in my hand; Mrs. Bond did not seem more at her ease; both had, in fact, an internal consciousness that we were playing a game not to be found in Hoyle.

"It was the widow's turn to deal. I looked at my cards. 'Now,' thought I, 'is my time.' It was a trying moment, but I felt I was equal to the occasion.

"I propose," said I, firmly.

"The widow colored to her eyes, and with pretty hesitation replied:

"I accept."

"For life, shall it be?"

"The cards fell from her fingers, and in endeavoring to pick them up I found a hand—not one that had ever belonged to Delarue's pack, but a soft, smooth, dimpled hand of nature's own manufacture—clasped in mine. I did not part with it until she had consented to bestow it on me—along with a fortune of ten thousand pounds—at the church the next Sunday but one. And thus, Jack," said my uncle, finishing his wine, "I have got on pretty smoothly through life by *never missing an opportunity*."

### THE AGE OF SHAMS.

If we were called upon to say what is the distinctive characteristic of the age in which we live, we should be inclined to designate it as an age of shams. Unreality creeps into everything. The gravest matters are tainted with it. Even in religion, where unrealities should find no place, there is contention about externals which are devoid of any real meaning. Bishops and clergy contend for pastoral staffs and vestments when they no longer have the things they symbolize. Language is made to conceal the truth, and exaggeration distorts it. Professions of friendship are hollow, and treachery undermines the closest ties. In the political world we hear it for ever stated that parties are betrayed by their chiefs, and that principle is at a discount. And in the smaller details of life we find that, instead of the instincts of nature rebelling against anything that is unreal, there is an appetite for it; that shams are in favor, and that every one is attracted by them rather than otherwise. In the matter of fashion we find this to be especially the case. False hair, false color, false stomachs, false ears, are used without compunction where they are considered to be needed. The consequence is that woman has become an imposture, and men have learned to fear that what they most admire may be but a successful art. Old women have long since done all in their power to repair the ravages of time. Wigs and fronts, teeth, paint and rouge, have always been made use of by those who know not how to grow old. But they have not been able to deceive the world, which takes them at their real value, and can see behind the screen of unrealities to which they have fled for refuge from the print of years. We cannot resist quoting a passage from a well-known writer on this subject, in which she has described the appearance of an old woman who is not ashamed of, and has no wish to hide her age. "See the plaited border, or the full ruche of the cap, white as snow, circling close round the face, as if jealous to preserve the oval that age has lost; the hair peeping from beneath, finer and more silken than ever, but white as that border, or gray as the shadow thrown by it; the complexion withered and faded, yet, being relieved, as nature has appointed it to be, by the still more faded tints of the hair, in a certain degree delicate and fresh; the eyes with most of their former fire extinguished, still surrounded only with the chastened hues of age, brighter than anything else in the face; the face itself, lined with deep wrinkles, but not one that the painter would spare; the full handkerchief, or rich bustling laces scrupulously covering neck and throat reminding us that the modesty of her youth has survived, though not its charms; some deep sober shawl or scarf, which the French rightly call *le drapeau de vieille femme*, carefully concealing the outline of the figure, though not its general feminine proportions—all brilliant contrasts, as all violent passions, banished from the picture, and replaced by harmony which is worth them all." The same writer, who has so admirably depicted an old woman whom every one must venerate and love, goes on to speak of the moral influence that such an one must have over the society in which she lives. Having gone through all the "progressive periods of life," having passed through its sunshine and its shade, she "now casts them all aside," and asserts her claim to our respect in the simple fact of her age. She knows that "to all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel her silver locks are more precious than the most golden tresses money could purchase—her pale cheek more interesting than the finest bloom art could simulate—her modest coverings more attractive than the most wonderfully preserved remains of beauty she could exhibit—her whole venerable aspect of age more lovely than the very best imitation of youth she could possibly get up; who not only makes old age respectable and honorable, but even enviable, in the eyes of those who are still toiling in the heat and burden of the day." In quoting this passage almost at length, we render, *en passant*, the best tribute we could pay to the right feeling and eloquent description of one who has written so truthfully and well on the art of dress. We wish, with all our hearts, that her words would sink deep into the minds of the young and old of our time. The old would teach a lesson to the young which they

have great need to learn, and the young would know that the unspeakable charm of the picture which has been so admirably drawn lies in the fact that not even in the palmiest days of her youth and admiration did this old lady ever lay aside, or even lightly tamper with that modesty and refinement which are in every sense the crowning graces of womanhood.

How different must be the influence of that meretricious style of dress of which the distinctive feature is unreality and imposture, and its chief merit successful simulation! How truly can we assert that it has a demoralizing effect! How can it be otherwise when women consent to indignities and to a system of imposture that they may, as they are assured and hope will be the case, make themselves more captivating? No one disfigures herself for the purpose of disfigurement. No one adopts a costume because it is ugly and may take away from her charms. However unbecoming a fashion may be, it is adopted not with any idea that it is so, but under the impression that it is quite the reverse. Dyes and cosmetics are used to heighten beauty or to conceal defects; and for the same purpose these novel contrivances have been brought into fashion. It is remarkable that while the crinoline was introduced to conceal a fact, so these more recent novelties make all who adopt them appear to be in the very condition which the crinoline was intended to conceal.

**Professor J. Dwight Whitney, President of the American Philological Association.**

The American Philological Convention, which recently met at Poughkeepsie, chose for its president the foremost philologist, or master of language, in America, Prof. Whitney, of Yale College, whose recent work, "Language and the Study of Language," is now receiving most attention of any work of the class that has been published in this decade. Prof. Whitney was born in Northampton, Mass., February 9, 1827; graduated at Williams College in 1845; studied in Berlin with Roth; published the text of the Sanscrit manuscript *Atharva-Veda*, in connection with Roth, in 1853; was named Professor of Sanscrit in Yale College in 1854, and soon became President of the American Oriental Society, etc. In 1861 the degree of Ph. D. was conferred on him by the University of Breslau. Recently he has been appointed lecturer for the "university" or post-graduate course of Harvard University, on his specialty.

**The Shawmut Universalist Church, Boston, Mass., Rev. Lewis L. Briggs, Pastor.**

The first meeting leading to the formation of the Fifth Universalist Society of Boston, was held in Boylston Hall, Washington street (then called the "South End"), January 3d, 1836, Rev. Hosea Ballou preaching the sermon. A year later, Rev. O. A. Skinner, D. D., was installed as pastor, under whose devoted labors there was a rapid growth, forty-five members being received in one year into the church by immersion.

A meeting-house was built on Warren street, and dedicated January 30th, 1839, which was occupied until June 5th, 1863, at which time, to mutual advantage, a union was effected with the Church of the Patriarchy, a young and vigorous organization, and the house of worship at present occupied by the society was purchased of the Congregationalist Society of Rev. Dr. Webb, for \$25,000.

The edifice was thoroughly refurnished and decorated, and is one of the most beautiful and commanding churches of the city.

It occupies a commanding and eligible situation on Shawmut avenue, adjacent to Franklin Square, and is valued at \$80,000. Rev. T. B. Thayer, D. D., was the first pastor; subsequently Rev. Sumner Ellis became associate pastor, and the united congregations entered upon a new era of prosperity. In 1866, to the deep regret of the parish, both resigned.

Rev. Lewis L. Briggs, the present pastor, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, November 23d, 1839. He graduated from the Theological Department of St. Lawrence University, 1862; was located one year at Mohawk, Herkimer county, New York. Thence he removed to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and for nearly five years ministered to the Church of the Messiah in that city.

He received, in 1867, a unanimous and urgent invitation of the Shawmut Avenue Church, accepting which, he was installed as its pastor November 3d of the same year.

The church has since had a steady increase in numbers, and is now experiencing a gratifying awakening of religious life and zeal. A Christian Union has been formed of young people within the past years, already numbering upward of a hundred members, and is proving a valuable auxiliary to the work of the church. The society is large and influential.

The Standing Committee consists of Messrs. F. W. Ryder, George Prince, E. G. Knight, D. T. Knight, Charles Caverly, Jr., Henry Burns, W. M. Wise, Henry Cobb, and James A. Smith.

### THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

The officers who participated in the battle of Gettysburg, and who on the 23d, 24th and 25th days of August last, having assembled on the field of that memorable struggle, discussed and determined the military incidents and topographical details of the fight, have concluded their investigations, the result of which will doubtless contribute much that is valuable to history. The reunion was held in pursuance of a resolution adopted by the Gettysburg Battlefield Association, and a circular was addressed, as well to Confederate as to Federal officers, explaining as follows the intention of the movement:

GETTYSBURG, July 29th, 1869.

GENERAL: The Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, organized soon after the battle, since incorporated and holding in absolute tenure the more important portions of the battle-ground, being memorial and historical in its purpose and character, has unanimously adopted resolutions, which accompany this letter (already published), determining to proceed to indicate the field with enduring memorials, constructed of granite from its hills, and thus to permanently mark out the positions and movements of the armies, corps, divisions and commands in the battle.

"Its object is to perpetuate the history of the battle in its simple truth, and to that end make the battlefield its own interpreter. It seeks to preserve this field, truly indicated, as an enduring historical memorial of the military events of the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863, as a school for study in practically illustrating the art of war, and an ever eloquent though

silent exponent, alike to the citizen and foreign visitor, of the battle of Gettysburg.

"The more effectually to accomplish this its purpose, and before proceeding to erect the indications, the association desires to derive the important requisite information from authentic and original sources. It earnestly realizes that justice to themselves and fidelity to the truth of history entitle the officers who commanded the forces in action to designate the positions and define the movements thus to be perpetuated.

"With this high historic purpose in view, I am instructed by the board, as secretary, and on behalf of the association, to invite you, General, to co-operate in this work of indication, and to attend a reunion of your brigade, division, corps and army upon the battle-ground, there to confer and determine the positions and important points to be thus enduringly designated.

"The time fixed for the meeting is the week commencing with the 2d of August next.

"Awaiting your reply, I am very respectfully yours, D. McConaughy, Secretary of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association."

The following is a list of the officers of the Association:

President—John W. Geary.

Board of Directors—Hon. Henry C. Casey, Edmund A. Souder, General J. Watts DePeyster, William M. Heath, Hon. A. S. Huster, H. M. McAlister, Hon. J. B. Dauner, Hon. D. McConaughy, R. G. McCrea, George Arnold, A. D. Buckler, Professor M. L. Hoover, Dr. Charles Homer.

Vice-President—R. G. McCrea.

Treasurer—George Arnold.

Secretary—Hon. D. McConaughy.

Most of the Confederate officers to whom this circular was addressed, including General Robert E. Lee, declined to attend. On the 23d the following officers arrived: First Corps, Generals Robinson, Meredith, Leonard, Dana and Hoffman, Colonels Heidtner, Dudley and Deckart, Major J. M. Lindsey and Surgeon Anawalt; Third Corps, Generals Graham, W. Burling and Medill, Colonels Bonafon, Burns and Linnard; Fifth Corps, General McCandless and Colonel Ricketts; Eleventh Corps, General Von Ambury, Colonel Asmusser, chief of staff to General Howard, and Major J. F. Frueauf; Twelfth Corps, Generals Kane and James L. Selfridge, and Majors Humphrey and W. Selfridge. Besides the above, Majors Daiguth and Hunter have arrived.

A meeting of the officers was held that evening, and adopted the plan of Colonel Bachelder, as follows: On Tuesday, the positions of the first day's battle to be completed; on Wednesday, Culp's Hill, Cemetery Hill and vicinity; on Thursday, the position on the left, including the apple orchard, peach orchard, wheat field, Round Tops, and intermediate points; Friday, the general lines of the third day's battle; on Saturday, the cavalry operations.

On the morning of the 24th Colonel Bachelder was invited to take charge of the exercises of the day.

The party then repaired to the field for the purpose of definitely fixing the positions of the troops in the first day's battle. Among those who composed the party were Generals Meredith, Dana, Robinson, Linnard, Fowler, Colter and Hoffman, Colonels Heidtner, Dudley, Sheaffer and Linday, who were all participants in that fight, together with several members of the Battlefield Memorial Association, and a short-hand writer, who made copious notes of the conferences. Many interesting incidents of the contest were related as the party passed from point to point. The roads by which the troops advanced and retired, and the positions where the opposing armies met, in connection with intervening incidents, were distinctly studied. The additional information thus derived will in a permanent form be added to history. The places where prominent officers fell or were wounded were designated. One of the most interesting points was the locality of General Reynolds's death, a tree with the letter "R" upon it showing the place where he died. The opinion of General Meredith is that General Reynolds was wounded several rods northeast from this tree, as he was in the vicinity of the camp with his Iron brigade, but this will be fixed by members of his staff.

In the afternoon the positions of the Eleventh Corps in the first day's engagement were determined.

The next day Culp's Hill, Cemetery Hill, and vicinity were visited. The following additions were made to the party of representative officers. Of the First Corps, Generals Newton, Stone, Winter, Stannard, Coulter and Baxter; Second Corps, Generals Baxter and Owen and Colonel Burns; Third Corps, Colonel Duff, adjutant to one of the staff; Sixth Corps, Generals Howe, Shaler and Collier, and Majors Samuel and A. M. Harker; Eleventh Corps, General Steinwehr; Twelfth Corps, Generals Geary, Slocum, Green and Barnum. In addition to the above-named gentlemen were Colonel B. F. Fisher, Chief of the Signal Corps, who commanded a New Jersey regiment, and Colonel McAlister, of the same State.

The arrivals on the 25th comprised, among others, Generals Fowler and Gates, of the First Army Corps; General Webb, of the Second Army Corps; General Chamberlain, Adjutant General Locke and Colonel S. M. Jackson, of the Fifth Corps; General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, and Major Moore of the Twelfth Corps. Among subsequent arrivals were Major W. C. Armor, aide-de-camp to General Geary, and General Hall, of the Second Maine Artillery, which opened the engagement under General Reynolds in the first day's battle, and also General Serrell, Colonel Southron, Hartshorne, Irwin, Major W. A. Kelly, Captains J. Watson, Jr., and John R. Paxton and Colonel W. M. Boone, late Adjutant General of the Maryland Brigade, and General H. V. Boynton, who commanded a regiment in the Army of the Cumberland.

The party examined the positions at the Cemetery, Culp's Hill and the immediate neighborhood, embracing the positions held in that locality on the days of the battle by the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, and a part of the First and Sixth Corps. Several disputed positions were settled, it being conceded by one party to the other that a misapprehension had existed. The adjustment of the question was preceded by narratives of circumstances happening at the points in controversy. In the afternoon a party, consisting of Generals Slocum, Greene, Kane, Barnum and others, visited the vicinity of Round Top. A large part of the field of battle being owned by private citizens, prominent military men and civilians who examined the ground had a conference with a view to purchasing and adding it to the sections now under the control of the Battlefield Memorial Association.

The ISLAND OF MONTECRISTO.—The island of Montecristo—made so famous by Alexander Dumas in his popular romance—has been purchased by the Italian Government from an Englishman by the name of Watson Taylor, for 100,000 francs. In former years the island of Montecristo was the retreat of the monks of St. Basil, and later one of the hermits of the order of Calmadiensi. At other times it became the refuge of pirates.

### SIFTINGS.

THE Harvard boys will be handsomely received in this city on their arrival from England.

THE Carlist emeute in Spain has permanently subsided.

THE public schools of this city were re-opened for the fall and winter sessions on the 6th inst.

THE national debt was reduced \$10,760,501 during the month of August.

THE cereal crops in the British islands are reported to be well advanced, and with every prospect of being heavy this year.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, the tragedienne, who has been residing abroad for several years, is said to be lying dangerously ill in Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE Emperor Napoleon has recovered sufficiently to attend to his business as "one man power" in the French Government.

THE Empress Eugenie will not, it is now intimated, be present at the formal opening of the Suez Canal.

It is now declared that the most promising candidate for the Spanish throne is the present regent—Serrano.

THE Suez Canal is completed. It will be opened on the 17th December, with eight metres, or a little over twenty-seven feet.

PRINCE ARTHUR continues to have a jolly time of it among the subjects of his mother—first lady of England.

GENERAL SHERMAN and daughter are making a quiet tour of the New England States. The General was serenaded at Augusta, Me., on the 1st inst.

AT the Scranton sales on the 1st inst. coal advanced considerably on the prices obtained at the sales on the 1st of August.

Since the inauguration of President Grant the Federal debt has been decreased fifty millions of dollars.

A COMPANY has been formed in Kovno, Russia, the leading object of which is to induce the emigration of Jews into the empire.

AN extensive mine of bituminous coal was discovered at Cowesville, this State, twenty miles from Buffalo, on the 31st of March.

A GRAND memorial festival, in honor of Joseph II. of Austria, was held at Brunn, on September 1. Twenty-five thousand persons were reported present.

THE war for independence in Cuba progresses slowly. No decided engagement has recently taken place. Some of the Spanish generals are resigning, and others preparing to follow their example.

REV. FATHER MURPHY, a well-known Catholic priest, engaged in establishing churches, was killed on the 31st ult., at Vincennes Junction, Ill., while getting off a train of cars in motion.

Snow fell for a few seconds, but in no large quantity, in this city in the early part of the afternoon of the 1st inst., and ice formed in Dutchess and Putnam counties.

THE old Quaker burial-ground in Cincinnati is undergoing a change to a beer garden, and the venerable bones of deceased Friends are dug up and packed off in bushel boxes.

THE ice formed so heavily on the telegraph wires at Mount Washington on the afternoon of the 1st inst. that it broke them down, and for a time interrupted communication.

SENATOR COLE, of California, has returned from St. Domingo, and gives a glowing account of the desirability of Samana as an outpost for our Government.

LONGFELLOW, the poet, arrived in this city on the 31st of August, from his protracted tour in Europe. On the day succeeding he left for his home in Massachusetts.

THE Spanish Government is experimenting with a new rifle, called the Nunez rifle, which can be discharged thirty-eight times per minute, and is reported very effective.

MONTPENSIER is accused of having captured and published the letters of the late Queen of Spain to her million and one admirers. Even princes will do exceedingly small things.



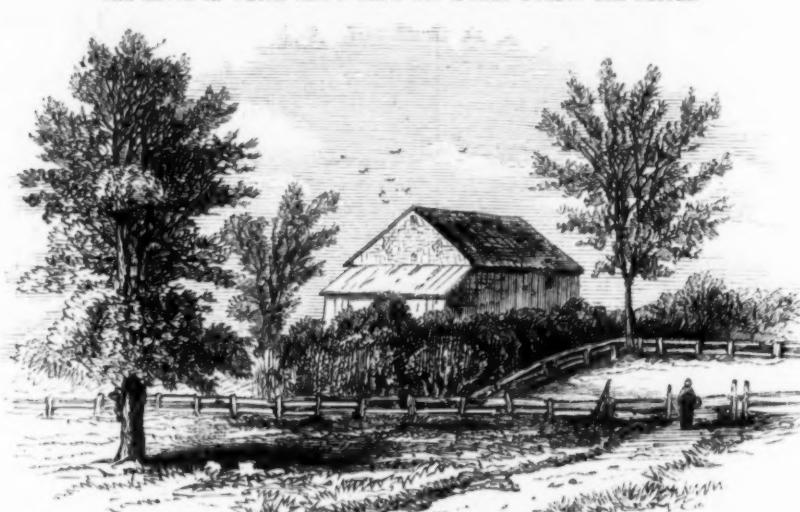
GEN. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS, ON THE CHAMBERSBURG TURNPIKE.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH JENNY WADE WAS KILLED DURING THE BATTLE.



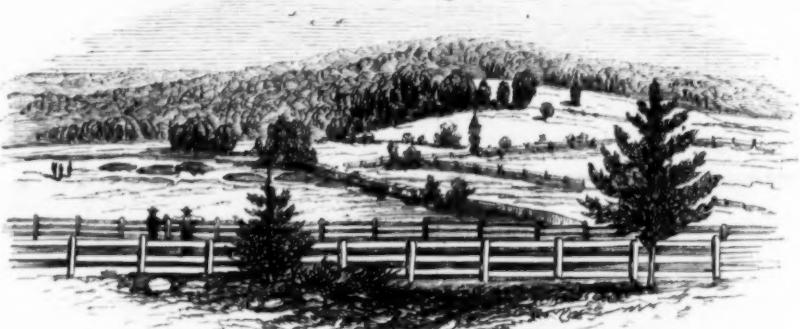
SCHERFY'S FARM, THE SCENE OF THE HEAVIEST FIGHTING BY THE SICKLES BRIGADE, PREVIOUS TO ITS REPULSE.



THE POSITION HELD BY BIGELOW'S ARTILLERY, AFTER THE RETREAT OF SICKLES'S BRIGADE.



LITTLE ROUND TOP, WITH ROUND TOP IN THE DISTANCE.



CULP'S HILL, FROM EVERGREEN CEMETERY.



THE TREE, MARKED WHERE GEN. REYNOLDS FELL.

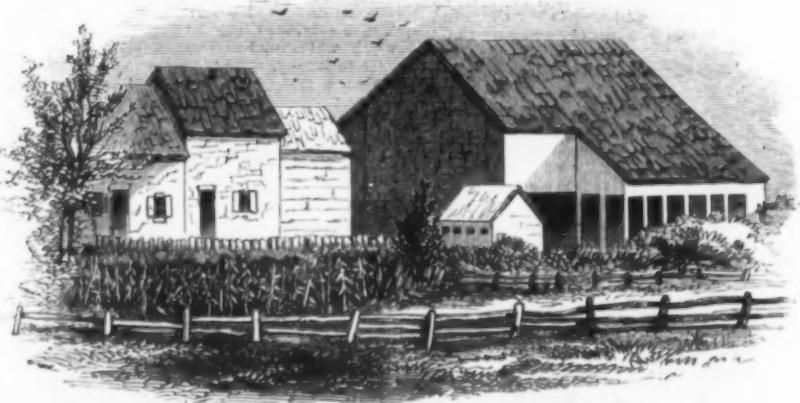


CLOVER FIELD, SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE FIERCEST FIGHTING.—GEN. WEBB'S POSITION.



GEN. CHAMBERLAIN'S POSITION.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG, AS SURVEYED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE GETTYSBURG REUNION, 23D, 24TH, 25TH, AND 26TH OF AUGUST. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 7.



MACALISTER'S FARM—SCENE OF HEAVY FIGHTING ON THE RIGHT, ON 1ST DAY.



THE SLANDERER'S VISION.

"A MINISTERING ANGEL SHALL MY SISTER BE,  
WHEN THOU LIEST HOWLNG."

## PARTED ONCE.

So we two clasp hands once more, Jamie,  
Though our youth long since has passed ;  
And none are by to sever us now ;  
Do you mind when we parted last ?  
Do you mind the tears we shed, Jamie,  
The tender embrace that clung ?  
We can look back now with a pity strange  
On the grief when we were young.

But the burnie that trickled then, Jamie,  
Has grown to a river deep,  
And none can bridge o'er the wide, dark gulf  
Where the hopes of childhood sleep.  
The pale ghosts stand on the shore, Jamie,  
And wail o'er what might have been,  
But the world and its waves of greed and care  
Too long have rolled between.

They said we were idle bairns, Jamie,  
Too young to meet toil and pain ;  
Do you think, in the City of Heaven, we two  
Shall be children once again ?  
And should we have been worse off, Jamie,  
Had we risked that toil and care,  
And learned high lessons of love and faith,  
And helped each other to bear ?

There is gold on this withered breast, Jamie,  
And gems in this thin, gray hair ;  
But, oh ! for the gowans you plucked me then,  
In my tangled locks to wear !  
You have lands in the far-off East, Jamie,  
And ships on the treacherous sea :  
Ah ! who can restore the treasures of youth,  
And love to you—or to me ?

## The Hidden Treasure.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

## PART I.

## CHAPTER IV.—THE NIGHT ALARM.

WHEN the express train halted at the La Grange station, and the score or so of passengers that had been waiting there stepped within the cars, the corpulent gentleman, who had given his name as Smith, walked down the car aisle, with valise in hand, and took his seat beside young Fred Weldon, of whom mention has already been made.

The first mentioned personage, as we have intimated in another place, was a noted detective, whose real name was Squirrek, and who had been engaged in some of the most famous cases that had come up in the Eastern cities during the past twenty years, and whose remarkable skill was acknowledged by his professional brethren, those gentry who, as a rule, are the last to see any excellence in one of their own profession.

The detective, as he now appeared in his golden spectacles, white cravat, his clerical suit of black, and the innocent, questioning stare of his big blue eyes, had a certain Pickwickian look that would have induced a stranger to set him down as one of the most credulous and harmless of his kind.

Before taking his seat beside Fred Weldon, he inquired, with great concern, whether the place was engaged, and being told that it was not, he sank down as gingerly as though he were doing a forbidden act.

As he did so he gave one sharp, sidelong glance at the handsome young man—a glance which told him as much as an hour's fixed stare would have done—and then, with the air of a nervous gentleman who wasn't often abroad from home, made inquiries regarding the mail robbery, which was just then the subject of discussion through the entire train. Although a lawyer, Fred was a gentleman, and he answered the redundant questions with a succinct courtesy that soon left little to be told. But when he had finished, and supposed the matter done, his portly companion appeared to consider the matter... *not opened.*

Fred Weldon gained a lesson in cross-questioning that he never forgot. The innocent-looking man at his side piled him so skillfully that in the space of a few minutes he had extracted everything that the young man knew or had ever heard of the noted Mulligan brothers.

After this came a few minutes' silence, and then it was pleasantly broken by the portly gentleman, who next succeeded in winning from the young lawyer almost as much of his own personal history as he knew himself. It was done, too, in such a quiet, insinuating manner that Fred could take no offense.

By the time the express began slackening up at the station of Somerville, a town of about two thousand inhabitants, where the engine generally took in wood and water, Fred Weldon began putting on his overcoat.

"Do you get out here?" inquired his new friend.

"Yes ; this is where my mother lives. I am making her a short visit. You don't live here?"

"No, but I have to remain here a while—perhaps a week or so. I shall put up at the 'Drover's,' and if you have a spare evening, or an hour or so through the day on your hands, I shall be glad to see you."

Fred promised to continue their acquaintance, and after bidding Mr. Smith good-night at the depot, the two separated and took different directions ; while the detective made his way to a hotel, the young man walked briskly down one of the by-streets, turning in at a small, modest residence, which he entered with the manner of one who was perfectly at home.

So he was, for here lived his mother, the only relative he had in the world, and whose almost blinding affection he returned with an equally strong love.

A moment later, a handsome woman in middle life was clasped in his arms, and the son sat down to the meal which had been spread for him, and which had been waiting for the full two hours that the lightning express was being hind time.

Fred explained that a slight detention, a sort

of break-down, had delayed the train, but that none of the passengers had been hurt, and he was sorry that his mother had felt any uneasiness regarding him.

Fred Weldon had practiced law in Brampton for two years, with a light heart and almost equally light purse. Young, enterprising, ambitious, handsome and talented, he toiled on, encouraged amid discouragements, and with profound faith in the good day coming.

It cannot be said that he had nothing in the way of practice, for now and then clients did come to him, but they were not numerous by any means, and he had plenty of leisure for study and physical exercise.

He was the son of a physician, who had died when his child was quite young, leaving him enough to complete his collegiate course, and to afford a bare subsistence to his widow.

Believing there was a favorable opening at Brampton, some forty odd miles distant, Fred had hung out his shingle, and there he had toiled and hoped, and there he was toiling and hoping still.

But just now he was home on a short vacation ; as he told his mother, he had arranged his business affairs so as to spend a week with her, and he told the truth when he added that he managed to do so with little difficulty to himself.

The chat was pleasant and affectionate, just as might have been expected between a mother and her only son, and at a comparatively early hour Fred withdrew to his room for the night. The next day was passed mainly at home, without seeing his friend Smith, but he was occupied until late in the evening in reading to his mother, and it was near midnight when he retired. He had scarcely entered the apartment when in the still night he heard the gate of the yard pulled violently open, some one walked rapidly up the gravelled walk, stepped hurriedly upon the porch, and gave a ringing rap upon the door.

Mrs. Weldon was on the lower floor, and before her son could anticipate her she had unfastened the door, and saw before her the scared face of Jacob, one of the men-servants of Judge Woodland.

"Why, Jacob, what is the matter?"

"By jingo ! I am afraid something has gone wrong with the judge."

"What is it?"

"That's what I can't tell. I've come after Master Fred ; the folks over home are going to distract over it, and send me out in search of some folks to go and hunt the judge up."

"Is he lost?" inquired Fred, who by this time had descended to the hall door.

"I'm afraid he is. He went off to Millville this morning, and promised to be back by sunset, and he hasn't come yet."

"I don't see any occasion for alarm in that. Something may have happened to detain him."

"But the horse came tearing homeward a little while ago, all covered with froth and foam, and with the harness flying about him, and with nothing of the wagon at all. The women folks are sure the judge is killed. The old lady is weeping and wringing her hands, and, as for Florence, she is about crazy."

"That is, indeed, serious," replied young Weldon, who had already begun donning his overcoat ; "I will go with you ; mother, good-night."

A hasty kiss was given and taken, and the two men hurried down the walk and out into the road, and then on a run up the street, and out in the country toward the large and handsome residence of Judge Woodland.

"His horse has probably run away with him," Fred found time to remark as he ran along.

"No, he hasn't either," was the emphatic denial.

"How do you know that?" asked the young man, in considerable surprise.

"Cause that yer mare never done such a thing with the judge nor any one else, and what's more, she wouldn't do it if she had a wild Indian a-driving of her."

"What, then, do you think was the matter?"

Fred Weldon repeated the question several times before the old man answered :

"I b'lieve it's them Mulligan brothers!"

"No—"

But the young lawyer paused abruptly as he recalled that Judge Woodland was a well-known opponent to this notorious band. He had managed to get one in his clutches, and had sentenced him to twenty years in the State Prison, but on his way thither he had escaped through the connivance of his guard, who were doubtless influenced by their fear of the desperadoes.

Furthermore, it was Judge Woodland who had been mainly instrumental in inducing such a large reward to be offered for the capture of the gang, he having assumed one-half of it himself.

All this flashed through the mind of Fred Weldon at the moment he had commenced to remonstrate with the declaration of the hired man, and he withheld further answer. He felt that there was a probability that the truth had been spoken.

Judge Woodland, living but a short distance out of Somerville, probably felt secure against any personal danger from those ruffians, although it is not to be supposed that such a consideration would have influenced him in the discharge of his duty.

The headquarters of the outlaws was thirty or forty miles distant. While the two brothers themselves, and one or two more others, were known to many officers, yet the majority of the gang were shrewd enough to keep themselves strangers to those from whom there was any cause to fear danger.

Many of them, including the leaders, went as they chose from city to city over the railroads, sometimes going as far as Chicago and other large cities ; but when they did so they were so thoroughly disguised that it would have taken a keen-eyed detective to have suspected their identity.

But Judge Woodland was a marked man.

He had received numerous warnings during the trial of one of the gang, all of which he treated with contemptuous indifference ; but the excellent man was really in more peril than he imagined, for there are innumerable means for such godless men to perform their will—more than he even imagined, great as was his knowledge of such wretches.

But as week after week passed away without his seeing any of the gang, his alarmed family forgot their fears, and when, on this pleasant day in autumn, he started for a neighboring village in his buggy, there was not a word of warning uttered against his sworn enemies, and not a thought entered his head as his docile mare jogged along at an easy gait.

A few hundred yards, and Fred Weldon reached the residence. As he anticipated, he found the family in the greatest distress. Mrs. Woodland was wringing her hands, and was on the verge of hysterics, while Florence, more beautiful than ever in her great woe, was hurrying back and forth, and doing what she could to assist the party of rescue, or, rather, of search, in making their preparations.

A hundred men could have been raised in the town, but they were not needed. Jacob had been sent in great haste to gather such as he saw fit, and he had selected three besides Fred Weldon—three strong, sturdy fellows, who had run with all dispatch upon receiving the alarming tidings, and who were now mounted, and only awaiting the coming of the fourth man.

"Oh, Mr. Weldon, I am so glad you have come!" exclaimed Florence, as she seized his hand.

"This is, indeed, sad," said Fred, who in that fearful moment was somewhat embarrassed in the presence of this beauty ; "but I hope it is not so bad as—"

"Oh, hurry—hurry ! Only bring him back, and we will pray for you as long as we live."

A few moments later the four men cantered out on the road, and on a sweeping gallop started in search of the missing Judge Woodland.

## CHAPTER V.—THE WRONG MAN.

It was beyond midnight, when the four horsemen took the road over which the affrighted mare of Judge Woodland had thundered home, and they spurred their animals to a swinging gallop, their whole minds and energies bent upon the work before them.

There was a full moon riding high up in the heavens, and they could see for a considerable distance ahead, so that it was hardly possible for them to pass any important object upon the way without seeing it.

The four men were armed with revolvers, and every one of them was brave, and anxious to meet the men who had dared to offer any violence to such a citizen as Judge Woodland.

Fred Weldon recognized two of the men as old friends of his—one of them was a middle-aged blacksmith, a man noted for his activity, great strength, and personal prowess. He was remarkably skillful in the use of both the pistol and rifle, having won quite a name as a sharpshooter during the war.

The other was the son of the keeper of the "Drover's Hotel," who was rather dissipated at times, but who was quite an athlete, and who had shown such proof of his skill and bravery, on many a hard-fought battlefield, that there were many disposed to overlook his failings, which at times were of a glaring nature. He was always ready to offer his services in the cause of right, no matter what parties were concerned, and he was the first man to whom Jacob the hired man hastened in his extremity.

But the third man was a stranger to Fred Weldon, and for a time he failed to make out who he was ; but, after they had got fairly upon the road, and he gained a view of his face, he was startled into an exclamation of surprise, as he recognized in the large, heavy-set personage no less a character than the innocent-looking Mr. Smith, whom he had encountered on the express train a couple of nights before.

Scarcely a word was spoken among the party until they had risen some distance, when the detective turned upon Weldon, having noticed his fixed looks for several minutes past.

"You seem surprised to see me among your friends!" he remarked, with a smile.

"Indeed I am ; you are the last man I should have expected to see engaged in an expedition of this kind."

"I was smoking a quiet cigar with Tom here, when the hired man came after him, and of course I couldn't let my friend go alone, and that's how I am here."

"You are aware," said Fred, with some hesitation, "that there may be considerable danger attending this?"

"Yes, sir."

The four chatted quite pleasantly, as they settled down into an easy canter, and all, excepting Smith, had some theory to offer for the disappearance of Judge Woodland. The detective merely listened to the others, and held his peace.

The hour being so late, they encountered few people on the road. They were now following the turnpike, but after going a couple of miles, they turned off into a branch road, leading directly toward the village where Judge Woodland had been. During the few minutes by which the missing man always went to and came from his destination on this day. So there was no halting for conjecture as to the proper course to pursue.

"It is on this road that we'll learn something of the judge, if we learn it at all," remarked Tom Haldy, as they turned into it.

"I recollect it very well," replied Fred, "although it is a good many years since I have traveled over it."

"And I've a feeling that the murder has took place nigh to the Ten-Mile Woods," added

Jim the blacksmith, who sent a shudder over every member of the party by the mention of the fearful word *murder*.

The Ten-Mile Woods were scarcely half of that in extent, they having borne that name ever since the clearing off of the surrounding country, and they were now several miles ahead of the horsemen.

"What sort of a forest is it?" inquired the detective.

"An ordinary tract of woods, extending for nearly five miles on both sides of the road."

"Is the road protected from the trees by a fence?"

"Yes ; for the entire distance. A singular question."

"It decides whether it is a wild country, little traveled, or whether it is nothing more than we have in our more thickly settled States."

"The country is well settled, and there is nothing in this forest to draw particular attention to it, except the fact that it offers a good opportunity for the commission of crime."

"Is it known ever to have been the scene of any tragedy?"

"Not that I can recall—"

"Don't you remember the drover that was shot near the Half-Way House just before the war?" interrupted Tom.

"You are right—I had forgotten that."

"What was the circumstance?" inquired the detective, who allowed no opportunity for gaining information.

"It is a story that is soon told," replied Haldy. "A drover was found shot near the Half-Way House, within twenty minutes after the pistol-shot had been fired. Father was riding by just after dark, and he found the poor fellow still alive, and able to describe the man who did it."

"Did he recognize the description?"

"Yes ; it was old Balters, who kept the Half-Way House, and to satisfy himself, father stopped at the house, and took a drink and smoke with the old fellow, using his eyes as best he knew all the time. The result of it was that the old man learned enough to satisfy him that the old covey was the assassin. He was arrested the next day, the crime was proven against him, and Judge Woodland sentenced him to be hung, and he was hung."

"What is this Half-Way House?"

"A little dilapidated building, standing near the middle of the woods. I've heard that it was built as a tavern during the war of 1812, and old Balters used to keep a barrel of whisky behind his counter, and generally had a stray bed for any traveler who came along."

"Did he live there alone?"

"No ; he had a wife and son. The woman ran away with another man just before Balters committed the crime, and the boy, after swearing vengeance upon Judge Woodland for condemning his father to death, disappeared, and I have never heard of him since."

"Is the Half-Way House occupied?"

"Not unless it has been done quite recently."

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manner, and then the horse of Frank Weldon suddenly pricked his ears and gave a snort of alarm and shied to one side.

All four reined up, and the young lawyer at once dismounted.

"There is something here," he said to his companions, "Just keep an eye on my horse while I take a look around."

"Hush!" exclaimed Tom, with a shiver. "I heard something like a groan. There! I don't you hear it again?"

Every ear did hear something like the low moaning of a person in distress, and a shiver of apprehension ran through Fred as he walked softly toward the wood, with his eyes and ears alert.

"Do you see anything?" asked the detective.

"My God! there he lies."

A dark form was seen stretched upon the ground by the roadside. The next moment the four men had dismounted, and while one quieted the frightened animals, the others hastened to the assistance of the dying man.

In a moment he was borne out where the moonlight could shine upon him. He was yet alive, but breathing with great difficulty.

"He is not dead!" said the detective.

"Good heavens! this is not Judge Woodland! we have the wrong man!" exclaimed Fred Weldon.

"Who is he?" asked Squirek, equally puzzled.

"He is one of Dick Mulligan's men!" was the reply of the blacksmith.

#### CHAPTER VI.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

GREAT were the amazement and relief of the four men when they found that instead of the body of Judge Woodland they held that of one of the outlaws. A brief examination showed that he had been struck upon the side of the face and terribly bruised, and a closer examination revealed that it had been made by the hoof of a horse.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Fred Weldon, looking up in the faces of his companions.

"It is a good sign, and affords more ground for hope than anything that has happened since his absence."

All three looked inquiringly at the detective.

"This villain has attacked Judge Woodland, with the purpose of killing him, and while the affray has been going on, the horse has had a hand, or rather a foot in the matter, and knocked this dog out of the ring entirely."

"But where is he?"

"That I cannot tell. We can't do anything for this scamp at present, so you may lay him down by the roadside, and you may keep watch of the horses, while Weldon and myself take a look further down the road."

The two men walked quietly along, speaking in a low tone.

"I only fear that some more of the gang are near," said Fred, "and they may steal a march upon us."

"There is not one of them in the vicinity."

The confidence with which this was uttered, reassured the young lawyer, and satisfied him at the same time that the man was more than he suspected him to be.

"Don't trouble yourself any further with speculations regarding me," said the detective, with a smile, as if he read his thoughts. "Call at the hotel to-morrow, and I will have something to say to you. At present we must attend to the business before us."

A few steps further, and they came upon the wreck of the carriage, lying in a heap at the side of the road, and just within the line of moonlight—that orb having now reached a point almost directly overhead.

"That will tell the story!" exclaimed the detective, moving toward it. "Not too fast, or you will hide the evidence by your own footprints. Suppose you remain still, and let me look around for a few minutes?"

Fred gladly did this, and the officer made a long and careful examination, walking so far from the road that he was lost to view for nearly half an hour. When he came back he went to the battered hulk of the carriage again, all the time never exchanging a word with the wondering young man, who was intently watching his movements. Finally he finished.

"And what have you learned?" inquired Fred.

"All!" was the reply, uttered with a confident smile. "Let us walk back to where our friends are waiting, to save telling the story twice."

"The way of it was this," said the detective, when the four men stood together again; "but in the first place oblige me with a light, as my cigar has gone out."

The Havana was deliberately lit, and the detective proceeded:

"Judge Woodland was delayed yesterday very much beyond the time he anticipated getting home. It was late in the evening when he drove through these woods, and he overtook a man on foot, who asked him to ride. This man was the groaning scamp who lies out there, and he was waiting for the purpose of killing the judge; and I shouldn't wonder if this outlaw was the very one you speak of as having been rather heavily sentenced by that functionary several years ago. Well, the judge took him in, of course, and all went along quietly until they reached a point a hundred yards or two down the road, when the fellow drew a pistol and attempted to shoot the old gentleman. I think his weapon missed fire, although I cannot be sure upon that point, and the two grappled and rolled forward out of the carriage under the feet of the horse, which had been so frightened by the report of the pistol and the struggling, that she let out with her feet, fetching the assassin a clip beside the face, and knocking him out of time, and freeing the judge from his troublesome parasite."

"How far off did this happen?"

"Quite a ways down the road. The mare has kicked herself loose and then dashed for

home, and this man has crawled away for help, but has only been able to get here, where he has given out, lain down, and took it out in groaning."

"But where is the judge?" inquired Fred Weldon.

"That is a question which I cannot answer positively. I consider it certain that he has not been killed, although he may have been hurt. My belief is, that if hurt, he is at the nearest neighbor's, and if not injured, he has gone home by a different route than the one he usually takes."

"What shall we do?"

"Go back home; first halting at the nearest house, to see whether the prisons on the part of the United States are strong enough to hold this man until he can be sentenced."

The advice of the detective was followed at once. The outlaw had ceased his moaning and lay quiet, as if listening to the remarks of those around him.

"Before we take him in hand, we had better make an examination," said the detective; and stooping over, in common parlance, he "went through" him, discovering two pistols and an immense bowie-knife.

"We may as well take charge of these, as they ain't very good medicine for a well or sick man, and this dog might take it into his head to re-cuperate a little on the way."

The body was lifted unresistingly upon the horse in front of the officer, and the party started homeward. In the course of a mile they reached a farmer's house, standing some distance from the road, where they halted, and one of them roused up the people. Nothing was known of Judge Woodland, and the party resumed their way homeward.

Just as they struck into the main turnpike, day began breaking, and it was broad daylight when they reached the Woodland residence. All were anxious and nervous, as Fred Weldon dismounted and walked to the door to knock.

Before he could do so he was encountered by Jacob, whose first greeting caused the heart of the young man to sink.

"Did you find the judge?"

"No."

"Of course you didn't," laughed the hired man, "cause he came home last night."

"He did, eh? At what time?"

"About an hour after you left."

The detective, who had heard every word uttered, now indulged in a quiet smile as his words were verified.

"Was he wounded?"

"Not a scratch, but he was blamed tired, and I don't suppose he will be up in an hour or two."

"Give him our compliments and congratulations, and tell him I will call during the forenoon to see him."

Fred Weldon's horse belonged to Judge Woodland, and he took it afoot to Somerville, walking beside the others. When they reached the main road, the prisoner made a desperate struggle to escape, and well-nigh succeeded. But he was more firmly secured, and a short time after was placed in the county jail at Somerville, while the three men separated to their homes.

Fred Weldon sought a few hours' rest, but woke again ere the afternoon was half gone, and, after eating his dinner, told his mother he would go over and see how the judge was getting along. She observed that he took extra care in preparing his toilet for the occasion, and she shrewdly suspected that it was not the old gentleman alone which he was so anxious to see.

The truth of it was, that Florence Woodland was a star whom Fred Weldon for years had worshipped afar. Beautiful, amiable and accomplished, she was the centre of admiration for more than a score of the leading young men of the town and neighborhood.

Fred Weldon remembered her as the "bright, particular one" of his childhood—one who figured in his dreams of the roseate future, and whom, some day, when he had won the grand position toward which he had turned all his energies, he should proudly claim as his bride.

But here the young lawyer was twenty-four years along life's pathway, and that glorious day seemed further away than ever. The daily hand-to-hand encounter with the realities of life had sufficed to take a great deal of the romance out of his disposition, but it had not clouded the vision which still floated before him in his night and day-dreams.

Some time he was sure he would appear on the scene and enact the part of hero in the drama, which should end in the fulfillment of the hopes of his life; and, as he walked meditatively along toward the home of Judge Woodland, he experienced a pang of regret that it had not so happened that he had been the instrument of rescuing the old gentleman from death at the hands of the outlaws. How he would have rejoiced could he have done something that would have made the daughter meet him in the hall, place her hands in his, and fixing her heavenly blue eyes upon him, say, "I thank you!"

Outwardly calm and self-possessed, but inwardly faltering and distrustful, he ascended the steps of Judge Woodland's residence and gave a ringing knock at the door. He was immediately ushered into the presence of the old gentleman, who was heartily glad to welcome the young man who had been so ready to go to his assistance, and in whom, ever since his childhood, the judge had felt a warm interest.

The facts of the case were found almost precisely as stated by the detective. The judge had been delayed much beyond the time anticipated, by an accumulation of business, and it was already dark when he reached the Ten-Mile Woods. Here he picked up a traveler, who attempted to shoot him, and would have done so had not his pistol missed fire.

The old gentleman had considerable muscular strength left, and he grasped the man, and a furious struggle followed, terminating by the parties rolling under the heels of the mare, that

kicked the assassin with almost fatal violence, and then broke away.

Left to themselves, the judge easily disengaged himself and started homeward. He freely confessed that he was thoroughly frightened, and instead of keeping to the road, he traveled across lots, wandering astray, and reaching his distracted household in the small hours of the morning.

The interview was very cordial, and when Fred bade the old gentleman "good-day," Florence went with him to the door, there took hold of his hand, and just as he had prayed for, turned her deep blue eyes upon him, and said: "I thank you for your promptness in coming to us when we were in distress. Tomorrow evening there is to be a gathering of a few friends here, and you must promise me that you will come."

"I promise you," replied the young lawyer, who felt that it would have been a pleasure to have promised his life to such an enchanting lady.

#### Race Between Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, L. I.

The announcement of a trotting race between the two famous trotters, Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy, for a piece of plate valued at \$2,000, presented by the association owning the Prospect Park Fair Grounds, Brooklyn, attracted a large assemblage at the park on Friday, September 3. The crowd was principally composed of well-to-do gentlemen, with a sprinkling of wrinkled and savory horsemen, and the balconies of the Club House were resplendent with beautiful ladies in the gayest and most costly of apparel. At length the bell tolled, and both horses made their appearance, and began to score.

In the first heat Mountain Boy broke at the turn, and the mare opened a gap of two lengths, which she made into five lengths at the quarter-pole. On the back stretch Mountain Boy made a double break, the mare gaining a lead of ten lengths at the half-mile pole, and completing the course leisurely, winning by three lengths. Time, 2:23½.

In the second heat Mountain Boy again made a break, and Lady Thorn, shooting away from him, won by ten lengths. Time, 2:21.

An excellent start was effected for the third heat. Mountain Boy immediately put forth a tremendous burst of speed, and passed the Lady like a streak, taking the pole away from her. At the quarter, however, he broke, and badly. McLaughlin, his driver, could not get him down again until near the half-mile post, when the Lady had taken the lead by two lengths. As before, on the down-stretch he closed with her, but the pace took him twice off his feet, and the Lady again came in a winner, in 2:21½.

After the race, several gentlemen owning fast trotters made a dash over the track, which was in fine condition, and the spectators slowly dispersed.

#### Anniversary of the Caledonian Club of New York.

THE anniversary celebrations of the Caledonian Club of this city have, from the day of their inauguration, invariably been marked by the most attractive features of holiday enjoyment. The Scotch, keenly appreciative of the pleasures of a social gathering, and possessing unwavering attachment for the games of agility and strength that are identified with their national customs and traditions, bring into their festivities an earnestness and vivacity that lend to such occasions a peculiar charm.

The Caledonians held an anniversary picnic, with the customary athletic games, on the 2d inst. At eight o'clock in the morning the members of the Club assembled at their headquarters, 118 Sullivan street, and half an hour later, headed by Robertson's band and a corps of six pipers, marched down Sullivan street to Spring, thence to Broadway, thence to Fulton, thence to Nassau, and up Nassau to Printing-House square, where they took the cars of the Third avenue road and proceeded to Jones's Wood.

The gay and picturesque costumes of the gallant Highlanders attracted general attention as they paraded the streets to the shrill notes of the spirit-stirring bag-pipes.

On arriving at the Wood a short rest was taken. The Chief's tent was pitched, and two other tents, one for invited guests, and one for competitors in the games, were spread near by. At a quarter past 10 o'clock the games were commenced, and continued without interruption until 6 o'clock.

The prizes in the different games were awarded as follows:

Putting the Heavy Stone—First prize, Alexander Graham, who tossed the heavy stone (weighing 24 pounds), 30 feet 6 inches. Second prize, Peter Frazer, 30 feet 4 inches. Third prize, Richard Japp, 29 feet 10 inches.

Putting the Light Stone (18 pounds)—First prize, Peter Frazer, 35 feet 11 inches. Second, Alexander Graham, 35 feet 4 inches. Third, Richard Japp, 35 feet 3 inches.

Tossing the Caber—First prize, Peter Frazer. Second, William L. Campbell. Third, Richard Japp.

Standing Jump—First prize, William L. Campbell, 9 feet 11½ inches. Second, Peter Frazer, 9 feet 9 inches. Third, George Goldie, 9 feet 6 inches.

Throwing the Heavy Hammer (21 pounds)—First prize, Richard Japp, 72 feet 4 inches. Second, Peter Frazer, 71 feet 4 inches. Third, William L. Campbell, 68 feet 1 inch.

Throwing the Light Hammer (16 pounds)—First prize, Richard Japp, 66 feet. Second, Peter Frazer, 62 feet 10 inches. Third, William L. Campbell, 61 feet 3 inches.

The Running Jump—First prize, Andrew Smeaton, 16 feet 10 inches. Second, Peter Frazer, 16 feet 1½ inches. Third, William L. Campbell, 15 feet 8 inches.

Broadsword Dance—First prize, L. D. Robertson; second, Robert Forsyth; third, Thomas McGregor Muir.

The Running High Leap—The first prize was tied by Japp and Frazer, each of these competitors making a leap of 5 feet 3 inches. The second prize was also tied by G. T. Addison and Andrew Smeaton, each making 5 feet 1 inch. William L. Campbell won the third prize by leaping 4 feet 11 inches.

The Short Race (100 yards)—First prize, Japp; second, John Halliday; third, Frazer.

Boys' Race (100 yards)—First prize, Murdock McPhail; second, Thomas Morrison; third, Alexander Henderson.

Three-Legged Race (same distance)—First prize, Hamilton and Keeley; second, Melville and McEwen; third, Pollock and Robinson.

Vaulting with the Pole—First prize, Frazer, who scaled 9 feet 9 inches; second, Campbell, 9 feet; third, George Goldie, 9 feet 9 inches.

The Long Race (200 yards)—First prize, John Halliday; second, Henry Adams; third, Richard Japp.

Boys' Highland Fling—First prize, George Mitchell, Jr.; second, David Knox; third, James Knox.

Walking Match (one mile)—First prize, Francis Dyke; second, James Kirkland; third, Wm. Deane.

Standing High Leap—First prize, George Goldie, 4 feet 4 inches; second, Campbell, 4 feet 3 inches; third, Frazer, 4 feet 1 inch.

One Mile Race (Entrance fee, \$1)—First prize (\$50), D. Fitzgerald; second (\$25), Henry Adams; third (\$15), M. Rogers.

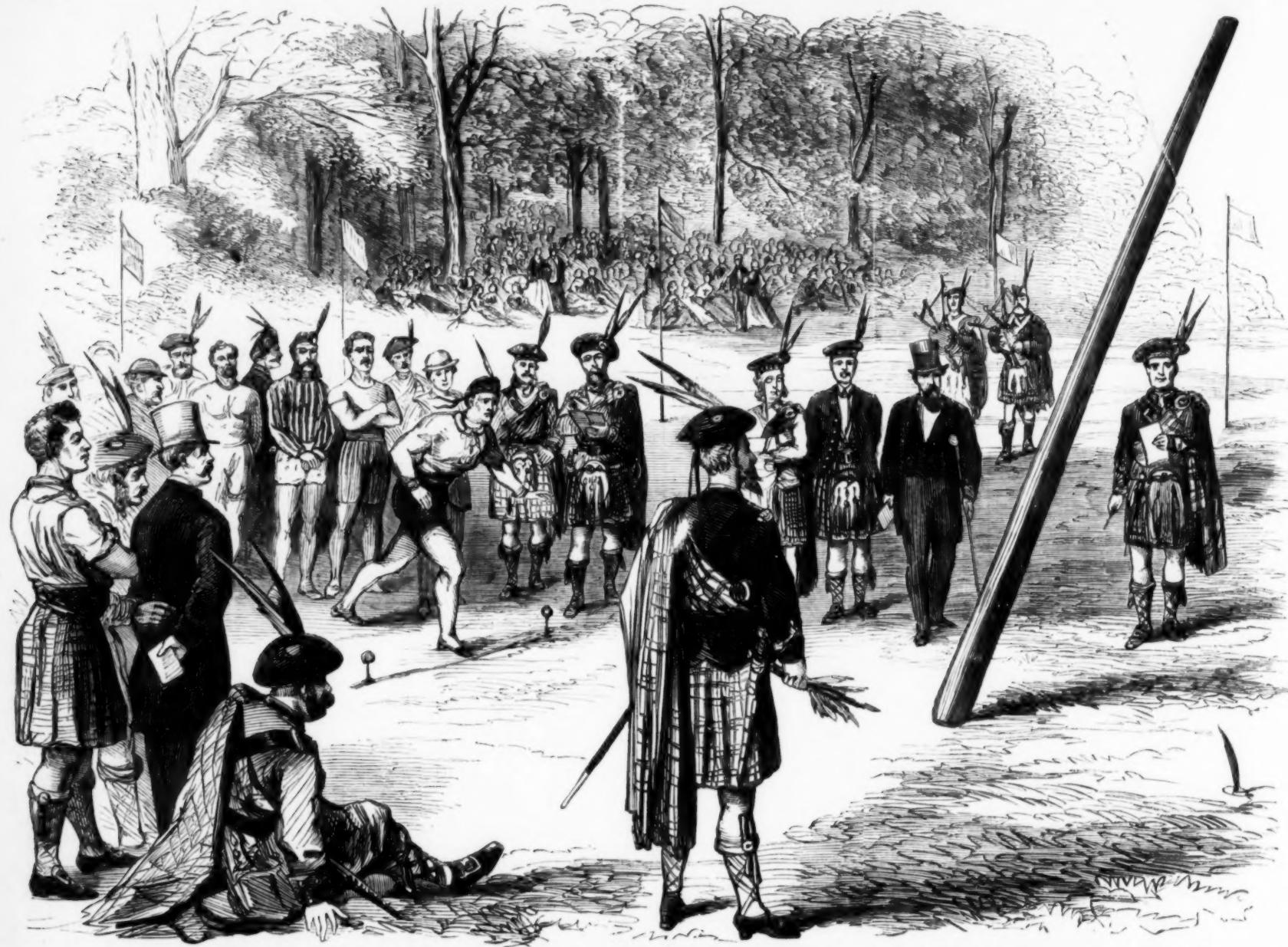
Highland Fling—First prize, L. D. Robertson; second, J. Kennedy; third, John Taylor.

Sack Race over Hurdles—First prize, D. Melville; second, James Mohr; third, Robert Hamilton.

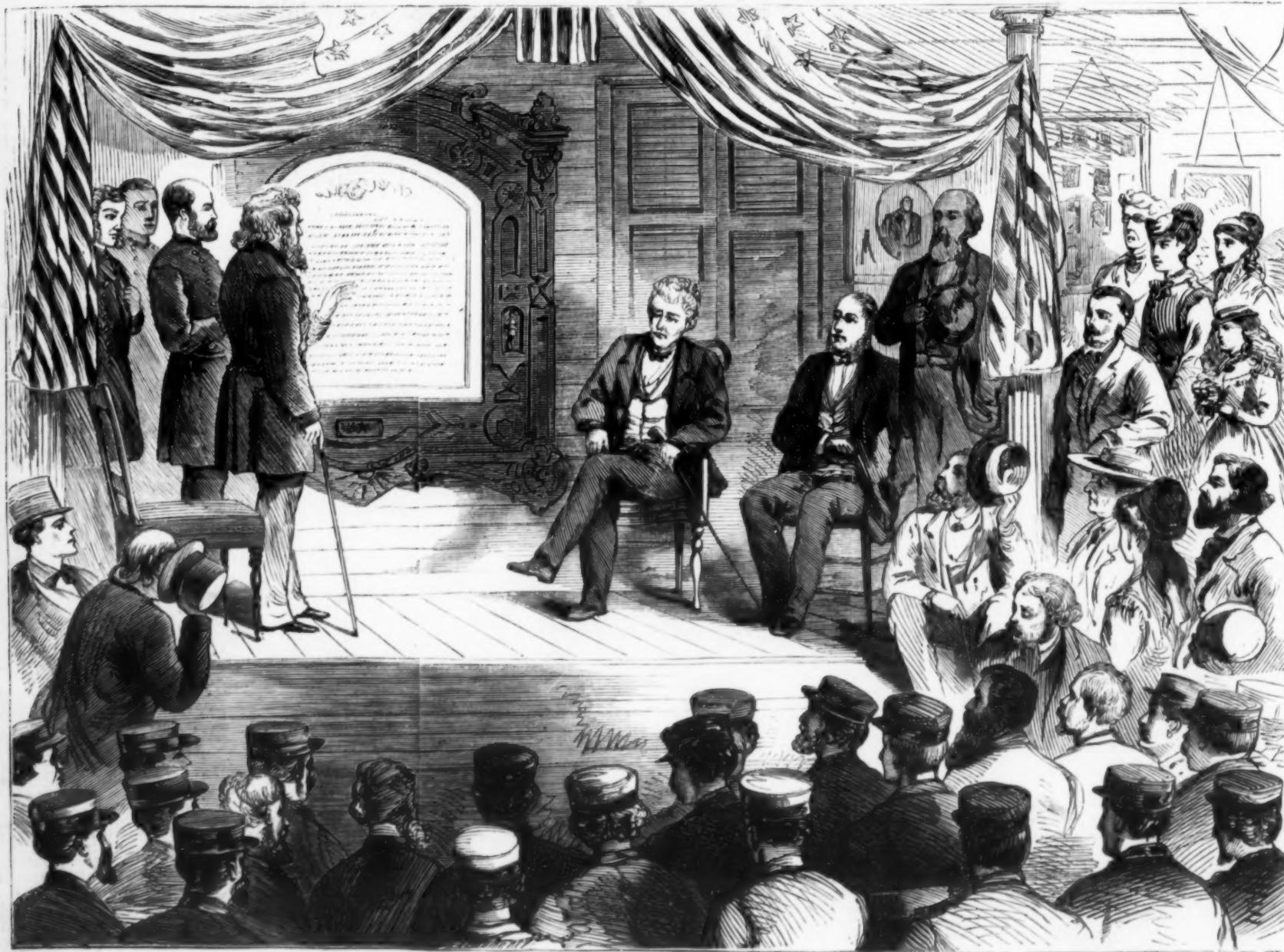
Hitch and Kick—First prize, George Goldie, 8 feet 10 inches; second, Frazer, 8 feet 6 inches; third, Robert Hamilton.

Hurdle Race—First prize, Halliday; second, Frazer; third, Hamilton.

Boys' Hurdle Race—First prize, William Pollock; second, William Gowrie; third, John Buchanan.



THE CALEDONIAN GAMES—ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE CALEDONIAN CLUB OF NEW YORK, AT JONES'S WOOD, N. Y., SEPT. 2ND—TOSING THE CABER.—SEE PAGE 11.



PRESIDENTATION OF A TESTIMONIAL TO MR. THOMAS ACTON, BY THE CAPTAINS OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE, AT HIS RESIDENCE AT SAYBROOK, CONN., SEPT. 3D—SUPERINTENDENT JOHN A. KENNEDY MAKING THE PRESENTATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 11.

**The New York  
Mercantile Library.**

ON Astor place, in the midst of a stately assemblage of monuments to Literature, Art, Science and Religion, is a massive and commodious structure, devoted to the uses of the Mercantile Library, an institution that has, through good management, become the first in rank of its kind in the world.

The founding of the Library may be said to date from 1820. The first meeting was called by William Wood, Esq., by a notice posted at the *Commercial Advertiser* office, and dated November 3d of that year (which notice is still preserved in the Library), to convene on the 9th at the Tontine Coffee House, and consider a plan for establishing a Library and Reading-room. It was addressed to the "clerks of South street, Front street, Pearl street and Maiden lane." About two hundred attended this meeting, which resulted in the adoption, on the 27th, of a constitution, and the election of officers, with Lucas Bull as President. The Library was opened in February, 1821, at No. 49 Fulton street, with 700 volumes and 150 members.

Throughout the early history of the association there appears to have been a painful struggle on the part of the young men to induce the merchants, first to countenance their undertaking, and afterward to assist them in carrying forward their idea. The conservatism of age, however, slowly yielded to the radicalism of youth, in all of the progressive steps of the Library to its present position.

In 1824 the Library, with 6,000 volumes, was removed to the buildings of Harper & Brothers, in Cliff street, at which time it received countenance and support from the merchants.

In 1828 a separate organization was effected among the merchants, headed by Arthur Tappan with a subscription of \$1,000, for the purpose of building and holding a suitable structure for the use of the Library, free of rent and encumbrances, upon certain conditions of management. This building was erected on the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, and was dedicated November 2d, 1830, under the name of Clinton Hall. All surplus revenues derived from this estate were to go to the Library for the purchase of books, etc. Singular as is such a double organization for the accomplishment of one end, it has been productive, in this instance, of the highest good to the Institution, and the relations of the two associations have always been characterized by unity and harmony.

Twenty years later it was found that the collection of books had become too great for the space afforded by Clinton Hall, and that the building itself was left too far down town by the growth of the city northward. After a long contest between factions, the Astor Place Opera House was purchased and fitted up, with a ca-

pacity for 120,000 volumes, and in 1854 the Library was moved into it, a distance of almost two miles from the old place. From this its present prosperity began to date, and now at the end of fifteen years it is almost in the same position in reference to the resident population as when at the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets in 1833.

The number of volumes in the Library at present is about 107,000, of which 12,000, were added last year. This number is about the present rate of yearly additions. The resources of the same year were \$38,000, derived from the small charge of \$3 per annum to clerks, and \$5 per annum to others, and the interest on \$18,000, which is the total of the donations in money that have been made directly to the Library—the donors being Miss Elizabeth Demilt, Seth Grovesnor, Esq., and Peter Lorillard, Esq. About \$8,000 also was received from the Clinton Hall Association for the purchase of books, etc., being the surplus revenue on the building over and above the expenses for repairs, fuel, and the amount annually deposited in the Sinking Fund.

The number of paying subscribers is about 10,500, and that of stockholders, honorary members, editors, etc., who use the Library free of charge, is about 2,000. So that although the rooms are occupied free of rent, yet the cost of providing reading for this latter class is practically equivalent to the payment of an annual rent of \$6,000.

The annual circulation of books is about 210,000, or an average of 700 volumes a day, falling as low as 400 some days in summer, and reaching 1,500 some days in winter. To facilitate the circulation of books, a branch-office is established at the lower end of the city—76 Cedar street, one at Yonkers, on the Hudson,

and for the small sum of five cents, books are delivered, on written application, in any part of the city.

The Library procures books that are wanted by its members. If they fail to get one from the Library stock in a reasonable time, it is purchased at their request. While it goes largely into light reading, and works of fiction are procured by the hundreds of copies, books also of every description are added, and scarcely a publication appears in England and America that is not immediately placed upon its shelves. The Institution aims at practical ends. It is a creature of the age and moves with it. It does not spend its resources on magnificent fossils. It takes up the current of living thought and distributes it.

A complete catalogue of the Library was issued in 1866, and a complete supplement from that date is now going through the press. A catalogue upon cards, however, is kept constantly complete for the use of the librarians, and for publication at any time whenever a new printed catalogue is needed.

Connected with the Library is the largest reading-room in the country, furnished with 150 magazines and about 200 newspapers, foreign and domestic (one-quarter of which are sent free) and 3,000 books of reference. This room is adorned with valuable statuary and paintings, and two small rooms leading from it contain respectively a cabinet of minerals and one of shells. This room is comfortable, well arranged and well lighted. Evening classes for gentlemen, and afternoon classes for ladies, in modern languages, music, etc., at very low rates, are extensively patronized by the members and others.

The Library is open from eight o'clock A. M. until nine P. M., except Sundays and legal hol-

days. The reading-room continues open until ten P. M. The library staff consists of a chief librarian (Mr. F. H. Houston, appointed in March, 1868) and fifteen assistants, of various grades and duties. The management consists of a board of twelve directors, who must be clerks elected annually by the active members at large. They consult upon ways and means for advancing the general and special interests of the Library, hear reports of their committees, regulate the disbursements, and make appointments upon the Library staff. During the past year they have caused the Library-rooms to be newly painted, and have added a handsome room for the exclusive use of ladies. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the board of direction for their gallantry to this class of the Library patrons. The annual elections have generally been characterized by scenes of excitement and the usual tricks of political contests, sometimes threatening tumult; but the last election was quiet,

the popular candidate for President, Mr. Borden, having no opposition, and the usual expenditure of money and passion avoided. It is desirable that some change should take place either in the mode of election or in the duration of the term of office.

The Clinton Hall Association has a like board of directors, elected from among the stockholders; the same officers have been elected for several successive years. The President is Wilson G. Hunt, Esq.; the remaining trustees are Thomas H. Faile, Wm. E. Dodge, Edmund Coffin, Isaac H. Bailey, John K. Myers and Hugh N. Camp.

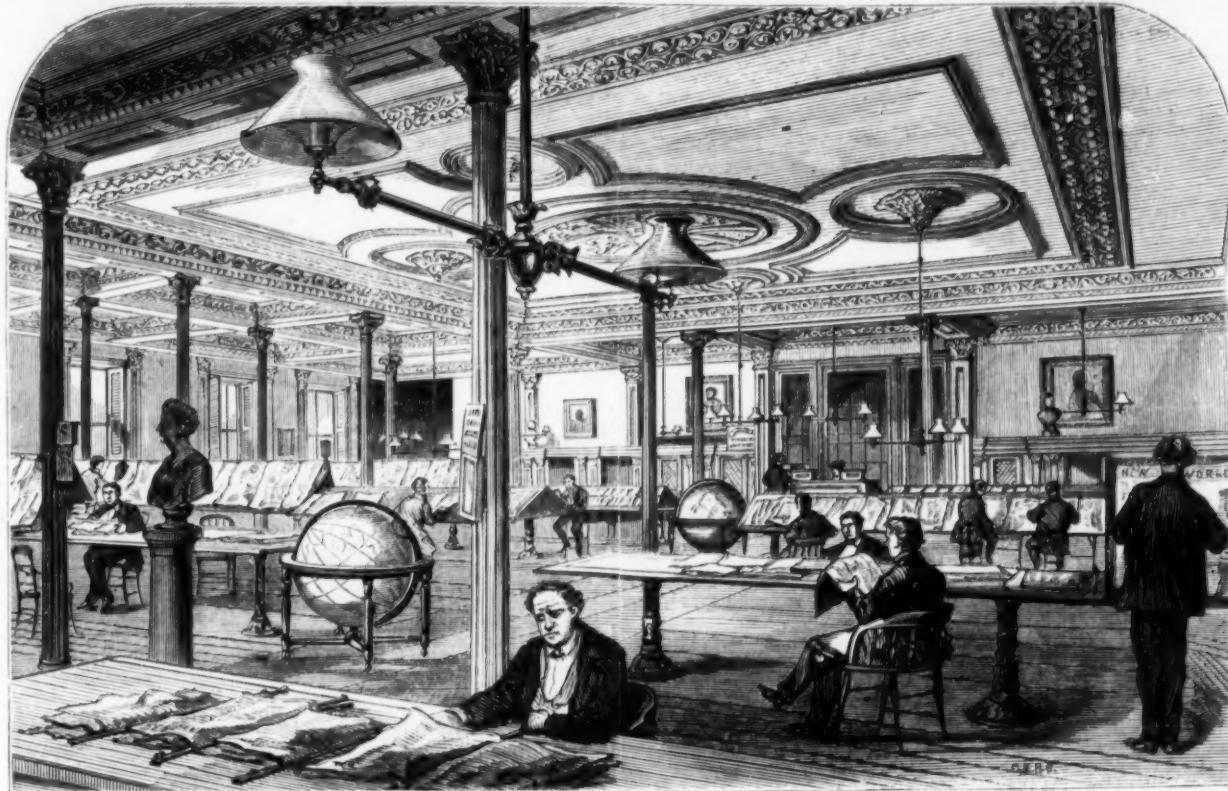
In about a year from the 1st of November next this institution will reach its fiftieth year, the present building will be filled to its utmost capacity, the resident population will be almost entirely to the north of the present location, and in view of the enormous treasures of the Library being deposited in a building not fire-proof, how long will it be before those in whose trust these treasures repose will take steps to meet the demands of a moving population, and erect, further up town, a more commodious, a more ornamental and a safer building?

M. C. D. Borden (youngest son of Colonel Richard Borden, of Fall River, Mass., the well-known manufacturer of that place) was born July, 1842; entered Yale College in 1860, and graduated in 1864, since which time he has been in the dry-goods jobbing and

commission business, and is at present in the employ of Messrs. Low, Harriman & Co., of this city. He was elected Director of the Mercantile Library in May, 1867, Vice-President in 1868, and President in 1869. Mr. Borden is an officer active and vigorous, as well as intelligent and urbane. The choice of such a person for chief officer of this association bespeaks the best motives on the part of those who



M. C. D. BORDEN, PRESIDENT OF THE N. Y.  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.



THE NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY—THE READING-ROOM.



THE NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY—THE LIBRARY.



F. H. HOUSTON, LIBRARIAN OF THE N. Y. MER-  
CANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

govern, as well as an understanding of the merits of the position.

F. H. Houston, librarian, eldest son of Dr. H. W. Houston, was born in East New Market, Md., May 15, 1837. He graduated at Yale College in 1859, and was admitted to the bar in 1861, but never practiced. In the same year he became editor and proprietor of the *Social Journal*, published in Eastern Maryland, which was discontinued during the following year, while that State was in great military commotion. In the winter of 1863 he came to New York, and engaged in teaching until his connection with the Mercantile Library, in December, 1864. Here he always served acceptably, and in February, 1866, was made first assistant, and in March, 1868, chief librarian, upon the resignation of Mr. A. W. Green.

### MY BROTHER HARRY.

I HAVE always thought that the most responsible position in one's own family, next to that of a wife, is an eldest sister's. So much depends upon her influence, either for good or evil. She has often to be at once friend, adviser, confidant, and companion; and to perform each of these parts well is no easy task. I have never had more than one brother, and he is exactly two years my junior. Being an only daughter, we are, when at home, entirely dependent on each other for society; and very few brothers are to their sisters what Harry is to me. Yet we are a perfect contrast in everything. Bold, fearless, high-spirited, generous and impulsive to a fault; easily led by kindness, but impatient of control, his brilliant abilities made his studies no trouble to him; but, alas! he loved pleasure even better than learning; and although idolized by the boys, the Eton masters had often to complain of his want of application. School routine ended, he began his University career at Christ Church College, Oxford, being intended for the bar. There, too, boating, cricket, and the rifle corps possessed more charms for him than Latin and Greek, and sometimes I trembled for the results of his idleness. Papa was getting impatient—he did so wish Harry to be clever; and now he was two-and-twenty, had only one more term at Oxford, and as yet seemed to have done very little. So matters stood at the commencement of the long vacation last year.

We all went up to Oxford for the commemoration, and while there, Harry introduced us to his great college friend, a Mr. Frank Silvester. Certainly he was a most gentlemanly young man. Papa was charmed with him; mamma and I no less so with his mother and sister, who were also working their way, through the usual round of concerts, fêtes and balls. We met frequently; and I suppose the agreeable impression was at least partially mutual; for Harry and I received a most pressing invitation to go and spend some time at Broadlands, Colonel Silvester's country-seat in Gloucestershire—a tempting offer to town people, when even Hyde Park was growing more hot and dusty every day. To make my story short, we accepted it; and three weeks later were on our way thither. Beatrice Silvester was a remarkably handsome girl of one-and-twenty, with splendid black hair and eyes, fine features, and a dazzling complexion. She was clever, too, and so fascinating in manner that I made up my mind Harry would lose his heart. There was another daughter, three years younger, whom they all spoke of as "Little Adeline"; but she had been on a visit the commemoration week, and we neither of us thought much about her. Very warm was the welcome we received on our arrival at the fine old country mansion, and I felt at home directly. It was nearly dinner-time, so Miss Silvester carried me off to my room at once. There was still no Adeline to be seen; but being expeditious over my toilet, on re-entering the drawing-room I saw a slight, fairy-like figure standing in one of the French windows, clad in a simple white muslin dress, with a blue sash. In another moment she turned round, and advancing to meet me, said, holding out her tiny hand, "I was so sorry not to be in when you arrived, Miss Leslie; now, I must introduce myself; I am Adeline." I do not think I had ever in my life been so completely fascinated at first sight as I was then; yet Adeline Silvester was neither handsome nor beautiful. Her complexion was delicately fair, features very small and chiseled; a quantity of rich, wavy, brown hair fell gracefully upon her shoulders, although neither in "massive plaits" or "smooth braids," but regardless of fashion, in long shining ringlets; while a pair of the softest, sweetest brown eyes I ever beheld were raised inquisitively to my face, as if to read my character with their lustrous orbs.

But it was some time ere I discovered all the nobility and excellence of my new friend, for friends we soon became. Beatrice so completely took the lead in public that only a close observer discovered how much Adeline did in private. One week flew swiftly by after another, and very charming was our visit. We drove, rode, sketched; went to picnics and croquet parties; and on all these occasions Beatrice and Harry were inseparable. Adeline did not always accompany us, and I often found out afterward that it was some kind or charitable errand which had kept her at home. Beatrice excelled in every sort of accomplishment. Her playing was brilliant; she danced elegantly; her riding was perfection; and in archery no one else had much chance with her. In short, against such numberless powers of attraction, I felt quite persuaded Harry could not be proof, and made up my mind that I should have her for a sister-in-law. The idea that she could be indifferent to my handsome brother, if he cared for her, never entered my head; still, strange to say, charming as Beatrice was, Adeline became my favorite. Each day I discovered some new beauty in her character, and I could not help wishing her appearance was as attractive in Harry's eyes as it was

in mine. One warm afternoon, when Frank, Beatrice and Harry had gone for a long ride—a bad headache having prevented me accompanying them—Adeline and I were alone in the drawing-room. It was getting late, and we had been expecting the equestrians home for some time. Suddenly Adeline exclaimed:

"Do look, Isabel; there is Beatrice coming back alone; something must have happened!"

She had scarcely spoken when the door opened, and Simpson, the lady's-maid, appeared, her face white with alarm.

"Oh, young ladies!" she exclaimed, "I'm afraid there has been an accident, for Mr. Leslie's horse has just galloped into the stable-yard without a rider!"

I heard no more, but, darting through the French window, flew rather than ran to meet Beatrice. One glance at her face reassured me.

"There is nothing the matter to signify," she cried, reining in her horse; "don't look so frightened, Isabel; your brother has had a fall, but only sprained his ankle a little. The horse put his foot into a rabbit hole, threw him, and then ran away. I knew you would be alarmed if you saw 'Sultan' riderless, so I rode on to tell you; they are coming home slowly."

"And that is really all," I gasped, inexpressibly relieved; "how thankful I am it is no worse; I must run and tell Adeline."

On returning to the drawing-room, however, to my extreme surprise and dismay, I found her fainting on the sofa.

"She went dead off, miss," said Simpson, who was applying restoratives in great distress. "I suppose I startled her, poor dear; but she is so calm and brave in general. Ah, she is coming round now."

Adeline opened her eyes, and I hastened to explain away her fears. Before Frank and Harry appeared she was quite herself again, and begged me so earnestly to say nothing of her stupidity, as she called it, that I promised to be silent on the subject. Harry's ankle was some time getting well, which delayed our return home, and I could not help thinking he was in no hurry for it to be better; but it was at last, and the day fixed for our departure. The afternoon before we left I was busy packing when a well-known knock came at the door, and Harry burst into the room, caught me round the waist, and gave me such a vehement embrace that it nearly took my breath away.

"Dear old Bella," he cried, "I'm the happiest fellow alive! I've proposed, and she has accepted me; think of that!"

"My dearest Harry, how glad I am for your sake," I replied; "I was sure it would be so."

"Were you? Well, I was not; but she wants you; go and find her, there is a good girl, while I go and consult the authorities."

And in another minute my impetuous brother was gone, and I was alone. So it had really come to pass! Why was I not more really glad? Beatrice was handsome, brilliant, accomplished, and very kind to me; what more could I desire? True, she was very fond of gayety, and less affectionate and domesticated than Adeline, but she would settle down when she was married, perhaps. Yes, certainly, I ought to be contented with her, even for Harry, my only brother, my pride! In the midst of this reverie I felt a touch on my shoulder, and, looking round, found Adeline at my side. I had been too deeply in thought to hear her light footstep; she looked unusually happy, and there was a bright flush on her cheek.

"Did you meet Harry, dear?" I asked; "and has he told you that we are to be sisters—by marriage at least?"

"I know it," she replied, smiling; "are you glad, Isabel?"

"Yes; but who told you? Have you seen Beatrice?"

"No, she is out; and does not know yet."

"Beatrice not know! Why, Harry has just told me she had accepted him!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. Then, as I gazed on her happy, blushing face, a sudden thought struck me; I had made a mistake,

"Adeline, tell me quickly, is it you, not Beatrice; Harry mentioned no name, but I thought it—"

"It impossible for him to care about such a poor little diminutive creature as I am," she interrupted. "And so did I, Isabel; but it is true, nevertheless; are you very much disappointed?"

I soon satisfied her on that point; my delight knew no bounds. Harry laughed finely at my mistake, when he came to me an hour afterward, happier still, from having obtained Colonel Silvester's full and free consent, although it seemed he was likewise rather surprised at Harry's choice.

"And so you thought it was Beatrice who had captivated me, little sis," he said, gayly. "No, no; she will make somebody a splendid wife, but not my style; contrasts go together. You know, Bella, I shall lose you some day, and then I shall be quite lost without a small fire-side fairy to keep me in order. Dear, sweet Adeline! don't you think she is the prettiest little creature you ever saw?"

I was quite ready to sympathize with his enthusiasm; indeed, I was nearly as happy as he was himself. We returned home the next day; and then I had a little work to do. Papa thought Harry too young to think of marrying at present; and an engagement would, he said, interfere with his studies; but when I described Adeline to him, and represented that the remembrance of her would only stimulate him to fresh exertions, he consented, like a dear, kind old gentleman as he is. Since our visit to Broadlands, we have had no more anxiety about Harry. And the wedding is to take place next spring.

A FRENCHMAN residing in Paris, named Boilneux, has written a letter to the President of the United States, in which he asks permission to set up in New York a gambling-house on the Baden-Baden plan! He proposes to pay over a per centage of the profits to the Government.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"PROOF of Holy Writ—Printers' revises.

The great "recess"—Conscience.

Wool gatherings—Fights between negroes.

A STUMP orator—A dentist who talks about himself.

"Doors that burn"—Cayenne pepper and Dutch mustard.

What a fugitive bankrupt wants—A good hiding.

PREPARING for the press—Taking off one's glove to say good-by to one's beloved.

What is that which ties two persons and only touches one? A wedding ring.

The freedom of the press—Pocket-picking in a crowd.

A SCHOOLBOY's aspiration—"Oh, how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could always be playing."

IDA LEWIS is now a heroine; but when she rescued the two soldiers from drowning she was a shrewish'.

In Cincinnati a reporter watched the river steadily five hours for an accident, and then left to get a drink. During his momentary absence a man jumped in and committed suicide.

An English naval chaplain was eagerly asked by a partisan on his return from a long cruise, whether his floating chapel was high church or low church. "That," he replied, "depends entirely upon the state of the tide."

Two gentlemen were recently walking through a cemetery in a neighboring town, one of whom discovered a playing-card lying in the path.

"A queer place for card-playing," said he.

"Yes, and spades are trumps in this locality," rejoined his companion.

A LITTLE four-year old had been long vainly endeavoring to pucker his mouth into shape for the whistling of a national tune he had heard upon the street. At last he went to his mother in despair, exclaiming:

"Ma, I'se so little I can't make a hole big enough for Yankee Doodle to dit out!"

THE Wilmington, Illinois, *Independent*, edited by Mr. Steele, says: "A printer last week proposed to go into partnership with us. His name is Doolittle. The firm name would sound very bad, either way you put it—'Steal and Do Little,' or 'Do Little and Steal.' We can't jine. One of us would soon be in the poorhouse, and the other in the penitentiary."

### LOVE LYRIC.

When eyes are lustrous,  
And locks are clust'rous,  
And teeth are pearl'y, and cheeks are pink,  
On, the limitless lot

Of ecstasical rot  
A fellow gets writing you'd scarcely think!

When lips are smiling,  
And locks are beguiling,  
When croquet is in season, and moonlight  
walks,

May the critics pardon—  
Nor heaven be hard on—  
The terrible nonsense a fellow talks.

On Sunday last, in one of our churches, stood a couple apparently singing from the bottom of their souls, out of the hymn-book. Being religiously disposed, and not having a hymn-book, our reporter, who sat immediately behind them, attempted to read from the same book. In doing so, at the end of the verse he heard the gentleman whispering, "Oh, say yes." The next verse began, and the twain sang away as devotionally as if they were thinking about nothing but the hymn. When the verse was ended, the fair one replied, "Go ask ps; all's right, so far as I am concerned."

"My son," said a father, "I halve all my worldly goods with you." A month after the prodigal returned.

"Father," he bemoaned, "I am dead broke!"

"How," said the parent, "am I to help that? I gave you as much as I allowed myself. You have squandered it; I have increased mine. What will you say to that?"

The youngster was equal to the emergency:

"Let us halve again, governor, and keep it up every time!"

HERMANN, the prestidigitateur, whose European fame was fully endorsed by the American public during his first visit to the United States, has returned from Paris with a budget of prestidigitatorial novelties of a startling character, which, we understand, he will introduce to our citizens next week.

THE Bonds of the county of Buchanan, in Missouri, are offered for sale by Tanner & Co., 49 Wall street, in this city, under circumstances peculiarly favorable to those who desire a safe opportunity to invest. The county is one of the richest and most promising in that State of unsurpassed material resources. The entire debt of the county, including the Ten-Twenty bonds now offered, is only \$500,000, and is secured by a lien on the real and personal property of the residents, the bonds being issued by a special vote of the people, with 10 per cent interest, payable semi-annually, in this city, free from Government tax.

AMONG the jewelers of New York, several of whom have a world-wide reputation for the beauty of their wares and the splendor of their establishments, the firm of Bishop & Rehn, under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is especially remarkable for excellence in all the departments of that branch of industry. In their specialty of coral-work they are particularly skillful, and the delicacy, elegance and richness of these tasteful articles of adornment from their ateliers, as well as of their exquisite bijouterie generally, have been recognized and appreciated everywhere throughout the United States. Their magnificent French silver-plated ware has also become very popular.

THIRTY-EIGHTH NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF the American Institute will be opened to the public on Wednesday, September 8, at 12 o'clock M., and continue daily from 9 A. M. to 10 o'clock P. M. until Saturday, October 30, 1869, at the Empire City Skating Rink, Third avenue, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets. This exhibition will be the most comprehensive and important ever seen in this continent, consisting of machinery in motion, magnificent display of novel and ingenious inventions by American hands and brains, implements of husbandry, products of the soil, the workshop and the studio, fabrics of every description manufactured from cotton, flax and silk. Thousands of other attractive novelties. Also, under the auspices of the Institute, the National Association of Wool Manufacturers will, for the first time in the United States, give a complete exposition of all articles manufactured from wool. This special department should command the attention of every one interested in the prosperity of American labor. Soda water will be drawn from Matthew's Fountains, and the restaurants will be under the direction of the well-known caterer, Downing. Season tickets for gentlemen, \$3; for ladies, \$2; single admission, 50 cents; children under 12 years, 25 cents. The exhibition is on the line of the Third and Second avenue railroads, and may be conveniently reached by the other city roads.

### THE FEVER AND AGUE SEASON.

When the leaves begin to change, remittent and intermittent fevers make their appearance. From the surface of the earth, bathed nightly in heavy dew, from marshes and swamps surcharged with moisture, from the dying foliage of the woods, from festering pools and sluggish streams, the sun of September evolves clouds of miasmatic vapor pernicious to health and life. The body, deprived by the burning temperature of July and August of much of its vigor and elasticity, is not in a proper pliant to resist malaria, and hence all diseases that are produced by a depraved condition of the atmosphere are particularly prevalent in the fall.

There is no reason why the health of thousands of people should be thus sacrificed. A preparatory course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is a certain protection against the epidemics and endemic which autumn brings in its train. Let all dwellers in unhealthy localities, liable to such visitations, give heed to the warning and advice conveyed in this advertisement, and they may bid defiance to the foul exhalations which are now rising, night and day, from the soil around them. No farmhouse in the land should be without this invaluable exhilarant and invigorant at any period of the year, but especially in the fall. It is not safe to go forth into the chill, misty atmosphere of a September morning or evening with the stomach unfortified by a tonic, and of all the tonics which medical chemistry has yet given to the world, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are admitted to be the purest, the most wholesome, and the most beneficial.

Let all who desire to escape the bilious attacks, bowel complaints and malarious fevers, take the BITTERS at least twice a day throughout the present season. It is as wholesome as it is infallible. Look to the trade-mark, "HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS," engraved on the label and embossed on the bottle, and their revenue stamp covering the cork, as counterfeits and imitations abound.

### QUARTER OF A MILLION PIANISTS

are indebted to Richardson's New Method for their ability to play well.

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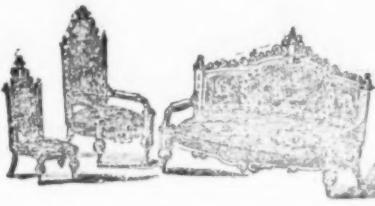
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